

Mr. Pike
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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE world, lately, has been flooded with war-books, mostly from Germany. Of the English war-books, undoubtedly the best is *Bretherton*; Mr. Aldington's *Death of a Hero* (Chatto) has some very fine and convincing pictures of the war at the end, but the earlier chapters are so puerile in their assault upon exploded conventions, and their denial of immutable facts, that it must take a very courageous and sympathetic reader to get to the end. Mr. Aldington appears to have "found out" woman: it is better to find woman. He has also found out patriotism, wisdom, realism, idealism, reticence and frankness: he is bewildered and screams, sometimes (owing to his publishers' squeamishness) in asterisks. It is an extraordinary thing that young authors should suppose that they are the first who have ever heard of blasphemous or obscene words, and that nobody before them has candidly considered the functions of the body, and of set intent decided not to dwell upon them in literature.

The Lavatory School

"CRITICISM," said Anatole France, "is the adventure of the soul among masterpieces." The adventure of the soul among lavatories is not inviting: but this, roughly, is what criticism of recent translated German novels must be. Our own more daring authors seem to imagine that nobody before them has ever heard of a lavatory, and that the Victorians pretended, even to themselves, that they had no digestive systems. The modern Germans are not quite in that state: they merely suppose that lavatories are intensely interesting. They are obsessed by this dreary subject; and they are obsessed by brutality. They would not be obsessed by brutality if they had not seen so much of it. The old German Army was notoriously brutal: (*In A Little Garrison Town* seems to have been

forgotten) but, according to the books, the German Army in war-time seems to have been just as bad. Every book we read contains the same attacks upon the selfish indulgence of officers and the vile cruelty of non-commissioned-officers, which (if the books be evidence) was extended to the exhausted men in the trenches and even to the wounded. By the same token the authors of these books seem to be strangely fascinated by brutality. Dirt and suffering seem to be their main preoccupation.

The German War-books

THE most talked-of of the German War-Books has been *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Whoever invented this English title had a touch of genius : he probably remembered the old, ironic " All is quiet in Warsaw," which implied suppression and death. The title would have sold any book : the opening, in which we were introduced to a row of lavatories, clinched the matter. Yet it wasn't a very good book. There were moving chapters (nobody can help being moved by the slow death of a nameless person, adult or child, q.v. *East Lynne*) and there were " bold " chapters in which it was admitted that shells tear and torture the nameless and that there are men and women who, particularly under the shadow of death, will indulge in casual fornication. But the author had no sense of humour, little sense of character, no sense at all (for all his machine-made background of pseudo-philosophy) of the eternal issues involved, or of the souls of the enemy. *War*, by Ludwig Renn (Secker), which covered much the same ground—following a platoon through the war—was much better : it had an enterprising title and has been overshadowed by Herr Remarque's book. *Class 1902* (Secker) is not better, but it has its interest for a student of German mentality. It describes the childhood of a boy in a West German town who was twelve when the war broke out. Most of his time seems to have been spent in trying to discover facts about the " mystery " of sexual connection : his obsession regarding this theme will appear no more remarkable to the ordinary Englishman than the fact that he never really knew " all about it " until he was seventeen. This book, though written by a person whom we should regard as stupid, does give a picture of Germany in the late war-years which is confirmed from other sources : a Germany of hunger, neurotic cruelty, and despairing lasciviousness—always tinged, or painted, by German sentimentality (alas, that so little of it remains !) about mill-wheels, rippling streams, spring and the nightingales. The best of the German war books so far (excluding *Grischa*, which is only incidentally about the war) is undoubtedly *Schlump* (Secker). This book is anonymous. Its author, who (in spite of his frank confessions about his thefts, profiteering and amours) does not come to life (as do the villains Cellini and Casanova), was a boy of seventeen when the war broke out, went to France as a private in command of three occupied villages, then had a spell of quite ghastly work in the trenches, and finished as a comfortable administrator in Belgium, retiring to Germany with the

army that flooded the Belgian roads just as the Kaiser was dashing across the Dutch frontier with a fleet of fast motor-cars. The book has the usual German lack of a code, and it is written in the fashionable short, jerky, realistic sentences in which a murder is given six words just as a tea-party is. But it has one gloriously Rabelaisian episode, it is lucid, and it does contain the best descriptions we have ever seen of the life of the infantry in the frozen, bombarded trenches.

German and English War-Books

NOT one of these books is a masterpiece : not one of these books has been written by a man with a first-class brain, a heart, an artist's gifts and a general compassion. We do doubt (though we are subject to correction by facts) whether the really great book about the war will come from Germany. Nations do not change their characteristics in a few years : this nation has produced nothing in art since Dürer, and hardly anything in literature : and, as for its music, it has almost all been produced by South Germans and Jews, the Prussian domination spelling death to the human spirit. That the "young" should wish to read the German records and consider the German case is only natural : we fought these people and why should everything be taken on trust from the elders ? But the "young" may ultimately get over their Rousseauism, and even their admirable sympathy with a beaten enemy, and learn to look facts in the face. The facts are that the German nation is more permeated by all the perversions in the text-books than any other race on earth ; that they have never yet understood the minds of other peoples, or even tried to ; and that, when they escape from scientific materialism into "religion", they worship a "good old German God" who is indistinguishable from the disgusting tribal deity whose jealousy, partisanship, and arbitrary cruelty makes the Old Testament such depressing reading to anybody who has in any degree imbibed the principles of the New. In none of these German War-Books do we feel any sense of the general interests of the world, or any appreciation of the broad foundations of morality, whether individual or national.

The War-Books of the Future

IT will not come from a German, though at the moment we may be curious as to what was going on on the other side of the curtain. If it is to come from an Englishman we do not yet know from whom. We have had a few very good books about the War, which have faced the torments both of the flesh and of the spirit, but we have not yet had a novel or an epic which has shown both the general outlines of the struggle against the eternal and puzzling background and the individual agonies of the man in the trench. Modern war does not lend itself to the sentimental treatment of the old adventure-story writer who thought in terms of grown-up boy-scouts, and only occasionally had to envisage a death from a clean

bullet wound through the forehead. But the whole truth has not been told when we are given a series of pictures (though these pictures, for the sake of the future, must always be given) of wounded men crying for their mothers on the wire, of men still living with their skulls shot off, of astonished men holding their entrails in their hands and dying from shock. And these things must be remembered, and depicted, and depicted again : however much the men who saw them may shrink from them it is their duty to speak. But speech out of hysteria is not better than speech " motivated " by a desire to shock and exploit : it must come from a religious man and a lover of his kind. And it may be that the novel of this war (there is precedent for it) may come from some Tolstoi or Hardy of the future who never saw a bullet fired and has never looked on the face of the unnecessarily dead.

The Poet Laureate

AS we go to press the Poet Laureate has produced a new book (*The Testament of Beauty*, Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), on his eighty-fifth birthday. It is probably his finest work. He has written many lovely lyrics, tributes to beauty in the human heart or in nature, for his view (as an able writer in the *Manchester Guardian* has said) is that " To live is to perceive beauty." He has, in his old age, disdained the fools who have, in a parrot fashion, gone on repeating the idiotic allegation that he never writes anything. At an age when most men are content to sit down in the sun (if sun there be) and await death, he has gone on with the zealotry of youth with his poetry, his pamphlets, and his campaign for the purification of the English language. How far this last will be promoted by the extremely eccentric (though logically defensible) spelling in this latest poem is doubtful. We notice that our friend " Beachcomber," in the *Daily Express*, writes :

I ma perhappse bee fourgivvun phore righting inn this fashun twoda, as Igh hav just bean reeding the poit lawreeit's nu poim. I feal that watt is wantid is knott wun standerdizde speleng, butt thowsunds of differunt spelings. My eyedear is that evoryboddi shoode be erlowde and eeven incurridged two spel howevva hee jolli wel pleezes, withowt refferentz two enniboddi's oppinnyons. Ownli thuss wil nu leife bee poot inntwo hour litrituar. Doughn't yew ergriegh with mee ? Bisseyeddes, itz such phun beeng abul two spel ennything djust as ugh pheil innkleind.

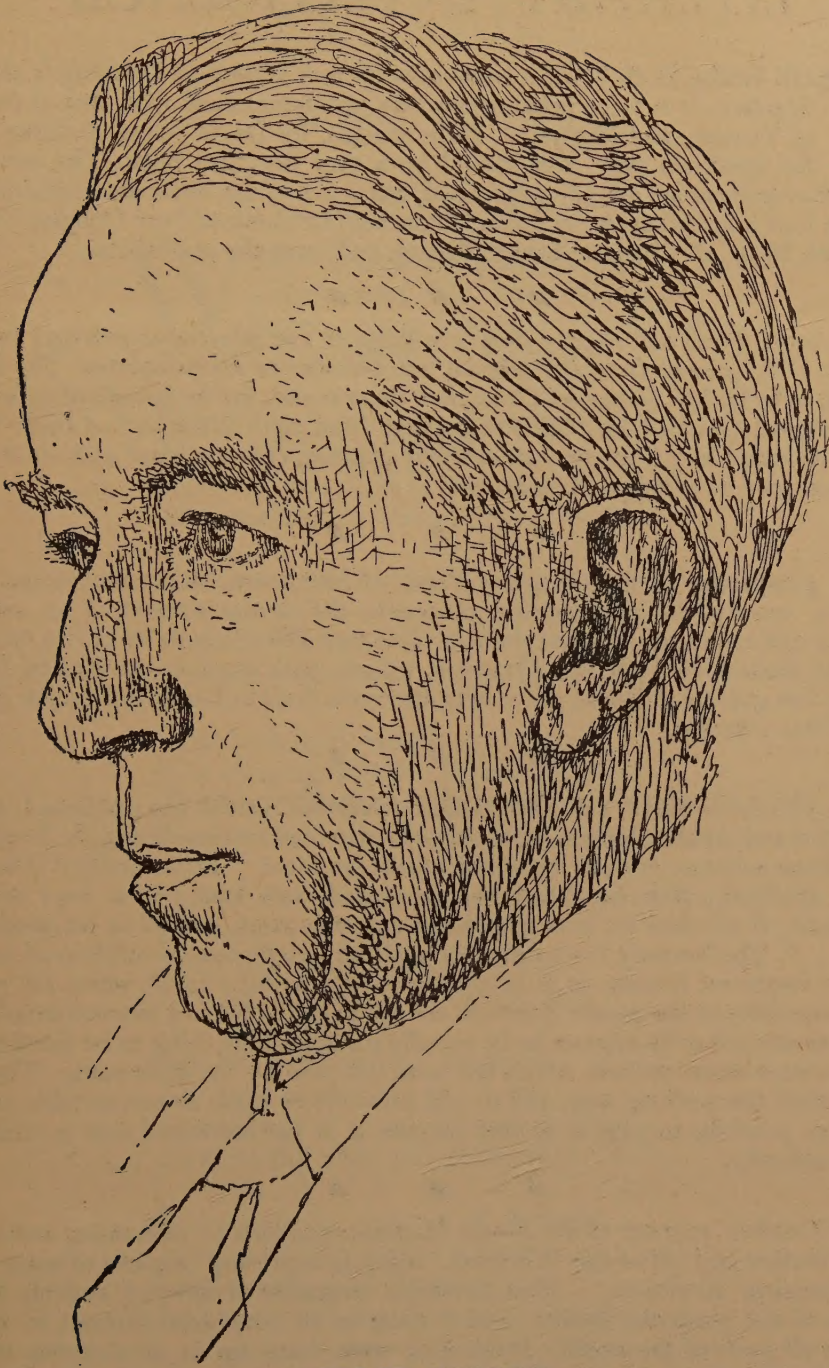
The unorthodox spelling is an obstacle : not that Mr. Bridges cares for obstacles, half of those which have impeded his recognition being of his own erection. But the poem is so deep and difficult that added difficulties need not have been put in its way. It is certainly the finest thing ever done in our language by a man of Mr. Bridges' age, and it is certainly (though he has produced immortal lyrics) the crown of the Poet Laureate's career. By some, some who have not read him thoroughly, and guessed at him through the classical titles of so many of his books, he has been regarded as

a pedant out of touch with modern life and chiefly interested in theories of prosody. This, at least, if they will be at the pains to read it, will convince them to the contrary. There is all the knowledge of the past in it, and a very sustained and subtle prosodical effort: but everything leads in the end to his statement about his own position *versus* religion and life, and he shows an awareness of the condition of the contemporary mind most rare in a man of his years. Those who imagine that the fundamental problems of sex and religion have never been faced until the popular press took them up may be commended to the study of this masterpiece: those also who suppose that what are called "orthodox" opinions involve mole-blindness, conventionality, fear, and a reluctance to consider the conclusions of science. The appellation "Poet Laureate" appears on the title-page and the poem is dedicated to The King. There we have a glimpse of the synthesis that must come if modern commercial civilisation is to be superseded by something less filthy and purblind. Most artists of our acquaintance, reacting against their surroundings, say that it is absurd to have a Poet Laureate. The bulk is quite on the contrary side: it would be grotesque *not* to have a Poet Laureate. The State, let us hope, will recognize the arts far more than it does. At present it is entirely engaged in questions of business management and finance. It is true that one must have food to live; it is equally true that man cannot live by bread alone. Modern attention has been chiefly concentrated upon bread; and it is something that even lip-service should be paid to Beauty—which is Truth and Good—by the continuance of the Laureate's office. Three of the last four Laureates have been Wordsworth, Tennyson and Bridges. What harm have their appointments done either to themselves or to the State? It is a pity there are not ten Poets Laureate at a time in a world such as that in which we live.

Thomas Frederick Tout

PROFESSOR THOMAS FREDERICK TOUT, the greatest English master of mediæval history in his generation, died on October 23rd at Hampstead, where he had lived since retiring from his chair at Manchester in 1925. Born in London 1855, educated at St. Olave's School, Southwark, scholar of Balliol 1875-8, Tout did his main life work as Professor of History at Lampeter from 1881 to 1890 and at Manchester from 1890 to 1925. To his vision, vigour and constructive capacity the University of Manchester owes with other debts the foundation of its Press and the development of the first historical school in this country which gave systematic training in professional methods of historical research. What Manchester achieved under Tout every English university is attempting to-day, but the school which he developed remains unsurpassed though not unrivalled in prestige by those of older and larger universities. His most solid contributions to historical knowledge are contained in his work on *The Place of Edward II in English History* (1914)

and the classical *Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediæval England*, of which two volumes were published in 1920, two more in 1928, while the fifth is left practically ready for the press and an index volume will complete the work. Concentrating attention first upon certain departments of the royal household which continued to carry on much governmental work after Exchequer and Chancery had become practically independent, he found himself led back by this line of enquiry into broader questions, with the result that in the third and fourth volumes of the *Chapters* the reigns of Edward III and Richard II are largely rewritten. His literary style, clear, firm and readable, was formed and used in strict subordination to his scientific purpose, and he never wrote either an obscure paragraph or a purple passage. Personally, Tout was one of the most popular figures in English learned society. Taking a wide and genial view of his responsibilities, indefatigable in discharging them, equally zealous and capable in scholarship, administration and the social side of university life, unfailingly accessible and helpful to colleagues and pupils, combative and occasionally arbitrary to the view of an opponent, yet fundamentally gentle and kindly, endowed with a singularly warm and open heart, provoking little malice and bearing none, he preserved from first to last a direct and positive attitude towards life which no difficulty could change into a defensive and which left no room for affectation or pettiness in any form. The simplicity, sincerity and eagerness which did so much to make a great university at Manchester and to map out a new field of historical research were equally obvious in the lively conversation wherewith he brought cheerfulness into any social gathering and the zest with which he played a somewhat unprofessional hand of bridge or joined in the seasonal festivities of a happy family life. He gave the world with virile generosity the vitality with which he was so abundantly gifted, and took from it with childlike delight the honours and the pleasures which he had deserved so well and sought so little. Amid all his versatile activities, and with a force of character which would have lifted him to the top of any calling, he never forgot that the primary function of a professor is to pursue and promote the scientific study of his subject; and what Stubbs had done for the constitutional history Tout did for the administrative history of mediæval England.



GEORGE GORDON
By Powys Evans

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

THE HALCYON PRESS announces its new edition of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. It is to be printed in a very rare type based upon that of Arrighi of Vicenza, and illustrated, aptly enough, by David Jones. Judging from the specimen page, this should be a very beautiful book. The copies at ten and four guineas are already subscribed, but a few of the latter are available still, as well as four hundred at two guineas. These may be obtained from Douglas Cleverdon's Book Shop, 18 Charlotte Street, Bristol, and from the publishers.



THE same Press will shortly issue a volume of 120 selected engravings by Mr. Eric Gill, printed from the original wood-blocks or copper-plates. The introduction is to be by Mr. Desmond Chute, and there is also, for the benefit of collectors, a chronological list of all Mr. Gill's engravings from 1908 to the end of 1927. Eight copies "de grand luxe" are for sale at thirty guineas, eighty, signed and numbered, at ten, and four hundred at five guineas.



THE prospectus of the Gregynog Press, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, contains, among other interesting proposals, the announcement of an edition, limited to 250 copies, of *Elia* and the *Last Essays of Elia*. It is to be in two volumes printed in Baskerville Type upon Japanese vellum, with wood engravings by H. W. Bray. At five guineas it should prove very attractive both to Lamb enthusiasts and to lovers of fine printing.



THE FELLOWSHIP OF FREEDOM AND REFORM has published, at the modest sum of one shilling, a most instructive booklet concerning the Improved Public House scheme. It is, as the editor admits, an ideal: "Structurally it is satisfying and spacious; it is furnished and decorated with taste; it is kept scrupulously clean; it provides for rest, games and entertainments as well as for meals and drink. . . ." The Brewery Companies have already spent twelve millions of money upon the improved houses. It is an admirable scheme for a town, where the public houses, especially in the poorer quarters, are apt to be sordid and uncomfortable, but for the country it hardly appears to be equally suitable. One thing to be thankful for is the common-sense attitude which has been adopted by the Fellowship. The Pub is the Club of the working man, and should certainly be made as comfortable and attractive as possible, so long as in this process it is not converted into a clinic for hygienic sobriety.



THE October number of the *Sussex Magazine* contains an interesting account of the decline and fall of the Windmill, which is depriving England of some of its most charming structures. This attractive magazine is devoted entirely to the concerns of one particular county, and it must be of very great interest to Sussex people in all parts of the world. If the idea were taken up in all counties of this country, it might form another of those Links of Empire about which the politicians are always talking, and about the value of which there can be no two opinions.

POETRY

TWO POEMS

*Last Lines**

WHEN I look out I see the fair
 Counterpart of a happy dream :
 Green rollers hissing on broad sands,
 Willows o'erwaving a still stream.

When I look in—how dense and foul
 The waters of my angry flood,
 With fevers clinging to furred boughs
 And ancient serpents in my blood !

O bitter mock of this and that !
 How should I with a simple gaze
 Meet this enchantment of pure sense
 Unhaunted by sick yesterdays ?

How look with single joy upon
 The leaping hounds' eternal flight—
 The long downs leaping with the waves,
 The vexed waves barking through the night ?

How should not all be gloomed and wronged
 By images of fear and ill ;
 Echo fall menacing on my ear,
 And muted shame unfix my will ?

Age, with unabating passions,
 Narrows upon me ; yet I cry
 Unending for youth's fresh devices
 That lit my past and made this " I."

Is it the petty scourge of thought,
 This malady of small regrets,
 Misfeatures all I dream upon
 And mars the joy that sight begets ?

*This is the last poem John Freeman wrote. It was written on August 1st after a walk in Norfolk. He died on Sept. 23rd, not having polished it. [Ed.—L.M.]

How great the puny Ego swells
 In the distinction of remorse !
 Shadows grotesquely darken over,
 Clear eyes grow dim, pure voices coarse.

O folly ! self-forgetting is sole bliss,
 Self-idolism the steepest hell,
 Like the East Wind that seres the earth,
 Self dries up every human well.

Look farther—Down the lane there swings
 A young bull, princelike mid his thralls ;
 Deep-breasted, mountain-thewed, serene
 As Hector pacing Troy's proud walls.

The lowlier herd sways slowly after,
 Milk-laden ; now the last step dies.
 The heat breathes heavy, lingering, while
 Shrill martins strip the orchard skies.

And still beyond, remotely clear,
 The green hounds in long, lovely motion
 Follow the cloudy deer, and stretch
 Their supple thighs towards the sleek ocean.

Epidemic

I

ANOTHER death ! Some great one has died,
 Else that deep bell would not be rolling wide
 His melancholy thunder.

About and under
 Traffic upswells its wrangling snarling tide,
 And on that tide,
 Like a black plague-ship shuddering on her way,
 Again the heavy, slow bell heaves and blackens day :
 Some great one has died.

Hang now at half-mast height that omen'd rag !
 The coarse indifferent flag
 Flutters the same as it were for Glory hung.
 Droop, flag ! Or are you flung
 For Death triumphant ? Not to signal grief,
 But Death's satanic joy ?

Then let the bell quicken his note and shake
 Deep-throated laughter, and lesser bells awake
 For Murder's sake,
 And joyous Death his lust of slaughter slake.

II

Shut door and window, let us not hear the bell,
 See not the flag shake out on the brisk air.

Muffled and slow, the bell still rocks, repeating :
 " Death is the crookback Pedlar crawling through
 Time's villages, and thieving as he goes."

Another loose note knocks upon the air :
 " Death is the miracle destroying life,
 That without miracle could not be destroyed."

Anon : " A bankrupt, Death, that as he flies
 From Justice, filches the dearest thing he spies."

A last note clinging mothlike to the pane :
 " Death is the miracle destroying love,
 That Phoenix, whom the ashes smoulder above."

III

Now the bell hushes : only the traffic drones—
 Wheels, bells, and whining horns and sullen groans
 Of engines giant-burdened rocking over stones.
 Another death ! Why, one died yesterday :
 Is Death not satisfied unless he slay
 Yesterday and again to-day ?
 —Sad conjuror, that's every eve rehearsing
 To-morrow's death, lest there be lack of cursing
 And tears, and springs of sorrow should run dry,
 Weed-choked, thorn-bound, hidden from tongue and eye ;
 Sad conjuror, who is it bids you still
 Show everlastingly your precarious skill ?
 It cannot be to please himself Death plays
 Monotonously one trick, without amaze,
 Without delight of any other's gaze.
 Yet why should Death exult in agony ?
 Sadistic Death, crazed with philosophies,
 Sick with visions, tortured by his own eyes !
 Purge thyself, Death, this cruelty abhor,
 It is not needed now, to open Hell's soft door.

THE LONDON MERCURY

Hell is not death, nor dying ; *Hell* is knowing
 Things now past change, but never now past rueing.
 Maybe 'twas pleasure in the world's crude prime
 To invent and vary crime ;
 But savagery is outworn now ; even Time
 Bends, and gross appetite is become discreet ;
 Civilization moves with delicate feet ;
 Pity is sharpened, once so weak and chill :—
 Must Death be savage still ?

IV

Question no more. A lord of feudal time
 Pored not over the code of law and crime.
 Aloof, magnificent, his whim
 Was like the armour that invested him,
 Crusted with senseless glitter of cunning gold.
 Nothing his eyes feared, but growing old.
 Vassals asked not his purpose ; they but sought
 Oblivion when he passed, or safety bought
 With low obeisance, or at his bidding sped
 To slay another lest themselves be dead.

V

Great Death ? Death a great lord ? Thy greatness show :—
 Thy power admitted, thy power forgo.
 We will make knees to Death if Death will stay
 His wantonness. Even careless youth will pray,
 And age grown fearful, anguished, palsied, cry
Hosannah ! in thy glory.
 No, no, not a great lord art thou. A poor
 Slave, emasculate Nubian, listening for
 The dreadful voice that thunders in his blood
 From ancient aeons, bidding him *Slay, Slay !*—
 Heard, not understood.
 Poor timid Death, obedient and craven,
 Chill-blooded and goose-flesh'd 'neath hue of raven.

VI

Or this or that, what matters, and ask not ;
 Pity and death are one.
 That agony of flesh, which dims the sun,
 When all the nerves are roads for the feet of Pain
 To travel upon, like rain ;
 The older hopeless agony of age
 That mocks with lunatic sick rage ;

The entrenched Pain that's ever lying in
 Body and blood, latent as mortal sin,
 Like a snake stretched with cold magnetic eye,
 And shadow-dappled sheath yet heaving flashingly ;
 Death only, when Pity prays, will gently quell.
 His calm unquestioned spell
 Flows like an odour upon the flagging sense.
 But at whose nod
 He comes, and passes hence,
 If man's God is his God,
 He does not tell.

JOHN FREEMAN

Pictures in the Spanish Manner

Return

WHEN I returned to Sevilla
 The only hands that were proffered
 Were those of the church door beggars
 Held out for the alms I offered.

But when I cried out to Sevilla :
 Your heart to my heart has grown colder,
 A rose was let fall in my pathway
 And a dove flew down to my shoulder.

Old Condesas

YELLOW, swollen, with triple chins and wrinkled eyelids,
 Toad-like, under the shelter of coupé and limousine,
 Breathing heavily, sight treacherous, senses failing,
 They are driven down parkways of Andalusian green.

Do they think, the old Condesas, of other spring times
 Upon this parkway ; and of Carnival and flowers hurled
 At the carriages, when in silk and blond mantillas
 They swayed before the shouted Olés of their little world ?

Timidity

JUST by Antonia's news-stand
 In the Plaza de San Francisco
 A passing Inglesa demanded
 The way to the Calle Morisco.

And where will it lead me, she questioned—
 Her eyes were alarms of danger—
 How could I venture to answer :
 “ To my house, O delicious stranger ! ”

Chandeliers and Mirrors

MIRRORS in mouldy Palacios
 Gold-framed, born of rococo crazes,
 Gigantic, all dimness and tarnish,
 Mirrors in which no one gazes;

Chandeliers swinging, rock crystal,
 From frescoes (nymphs, cupids united)
 Rainbow festoons and stalactites,
 Chandeliers never more lighted ;

Deep down in the mirrors, it may be,
 Swim faces of vanished Condesas
 And the chandeliers strangely tinkle—
 To footsteps of ghostly Princesses ?

Spain Left Behind : The End of the Season

THE thousand eyes of the Palace Hotel are closed by pious hands ;
 A heavy woeful drumming—
 Beating of many carpets—
 Is faintly heard from the littered expanse of the township's vacant lands.

The Arab Akmoud has packed his rugs and his tapestries as well.
 He is off to other places,
 So is the Swiss with laces
 And the Genoese with his store of beads and his jade and tortoiseshell.

The wind blows cold by the riverside, and a rock with bald round pate
 Down where the stream runs fleetly,
 Has muffled itself completely
 In a gaudy poster that advertised the Casino's gala fête.

HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER

TWO POEMS

To G.

MY soul pretended she'd a soul above
The things most souls do over and over again,
As fighting, and making money and making love,
And going about eternally with men.

Sometimes the wind in April would so sigh
She'd leave her darkened corner in the mind
And come to the eyes to see the Spring going by,
But usually she'd drowse out of the wind.

Until one day you chanced upon the beam
Which long had barred her door against the air ;
And while your voice said : " Is there no one there ? "
With fluting and banners the world came into her dream.

In the Wood

OUT past the wood the drift of Summer goes.
Far through the gap a field lies in that gleam,
Shining, aware, as if but sunk in dream
Of how men sow in her, of how Time sows,
Of rains innumerable, and the throes
Which left the hummock at the bend of the stream.
A sleepy ploughman with his faltering team
Delights the pasture and the following crows.

A flock of larks inhabits the tall air ;
The urgent bees salute and quarrel and pass ;
Clouds drift and loiter, idly stoops a wind ;
But here the lover stays and shuns the glare,
And, reaching slowly, tugs at the scant grass,
And birds and beasts and soil are not to his mind.

GILBERT SIMS

“LET US IMAGINE A MAN IN A BOX”

By H. R. WAKEFIELD

AT twelve o'clock on March 4th, 1950, the eyes of over five million persons were fixed on a large silver box swinging from a crane above the Sahara desert. For this reason:

Lord Balcombe had inherited from his father the sum of forty million pounds and great but highly eccentric inventive genius. He was hirsute, vague, and absent-minded, and he possessed immense feet and eyebrows.

In February, 1929, he had read in a work by a brilliant young mathematician, named Sullivan, the following sentences:

Let us imagine a man enclosed in a box, and imagine this box to be in a gravitational field—it is suspended, say, just over the Sahara desert. If the man drops a weight it will fall to the ground with an accelerated motion. From this fact he will deduce that he is in a gravitational field. Now, imagine that he is transported with his box, into empty space—that is, to a region far from all gravitating matter. Imagine also that, by means of a rope fixed to the roof, a steady force pulls the man and box upwards. Under the influence of this force the motion of the box steadily accelerates. If, now, the man again drops a weight, it will fall to the floor of the box with an accelerated motion. He would conclude, as before, that he is in a gravitational field. In the first case the weight fell because of its gravitational mass. In the second case, it fell because of its inertial mass. But the behaviour of the falling weight is the same in the two cases. In the second experiment, we have a case of inertial mass manifesting as gravitational mass. Can it be that this is invariably the case, that when we say that a body “gravitates” it is merely manifesting inertia?

These sentences fascinated Lord Balcombe, and he suddenly became obsessed by an overwhelming desire to see this experiment made. He felt an irresistible compulsion to place a person in such a box, with, say, a shilling in his hand, and see if really and truly that person would be unable to distinguish between the forces of inertia and gravitation. It wasn't so much that he doubted Mr. Sullivan as that he longed to see the Principle of Equivalence put to the test in the manner suggested.

It was as clear to him as to everyone else that to swing such a box into remote space by means of a rope attached to it presented insurmountable technical difficulties, and that was where his just-discovered Z Ray came in. There was also another problem—how to persuade anyone to play the principal *rôle* in the experiment, for his chances of surviving it could in no circumstances be considered bright; and it was not until February, 1940, that he found his man.

One night he was roused when asleep in his house in Grosvenor Square by a crash from below. On timidly descending, he discovered an extremely intoxicated personage, who, in attempting to remove some of the more valuable and portable contents of his drawing room, had been overcome

by alcoholic fumes, had collapsed to the floor, gone to sleep, and postponed his felonious purposes *sine die*. When this law-breaker revived he was given the option of being handed over to the police or assisting in giving a practical demonstration of the Principle of Equivalence. He chose the latter, for he was promised a reward of £1,000 if he survived ; and had he possessed nine lives he would have risked the lot for half that sum. His Lordship gave him accommodation in Balcombe House, three pounds a week pocket money, and rationed him to a bottle of whiskey a day. He appointed day and night warders for him. His name—or the one he had been using at the time—was Bert Balls. Bert found the time of waiting rather wearisome, but perfecting himself in the Three Card Trick and other exercises which he intended to practise after his release helped to pass it. The strict limit set to his consumption of alcohol resulted in restoring him to health and strength, and he was soon sleeping a solid sixteen hours a day and partaking of solid food.

Lord Balcombe's next step was to lease from the French Government fifty acres of the Sahara for a period of fifteen years. This accomplished, he was ready to go ahead with his plans. After a year's negotiation ten of the greatest electrical engineering firms in the world agreed to give much of their energies to carrying out these plans. Thousands of skilled workers gathered in the desert, huge steamers dumped their cargoes at Algiers, and slowly a vast and majestic plant grew and shaped itself in the Sahara. Slowly but surely Lord Balcombe's multi-millions drained away and for 3,650 days Bert Balls drank his bottle and slept his sixteen hours. His Lordship tried hard to keep the details of his experiment secret, but inevitably highly-coloured and inaccurate details slipped out, and more than ever was he regarded as the World's Mightiest Joke, and " Balcombe's Folly " seemed so interminably slow in maturing that the press and peoples of the world ceased to take the slightest interest in it. But ever it grew and shaped itself upon the sand.

So on January 1st, 1950, Lord Balcombe bought £50,000 worth of advertising space in the newspapers of the world to announce that on March 4th he would attempt to carry out an experiment to prove the truth, or otherwise, of the Principle of Equivalence. He pointed out that his collaborator was an uneducated person who was quite unequipped to decide the difference between Gravitation and Inertia, but he considered that if in each case this person described his sensations in a precisely similar way, that would be convincing. The experiment had been made possible by his discovery of the Z Ray. He was inviting to witness this experiment one hundred of the most famous living mathematicians and physicists. The public could also witness it from a safe distance.

In spite of the fact that less than one per cent. of the population of the globe had the slightest idea of what his Lordship was talking about and that the rest considered him completely half-witted, the times being dull and uneventful, the Press of the world boosted this information with unparalleled unanimity. It seemed such a gargantuan and glorious jest.

Immense preparations were made. The British Newspaper Trust, which controlled every daily and weekly paper in the British Isles—except the *Cork Plain Dealer* or *Draicdailmacus Da*—stated it would convey to the scene and back and board and lodge, the first 500,000 persons whose applications were opened on February 1st. This announcement was headed: "WAS EINSTEIN WRONG?" The Press of other lands was equally generous. The Tourist Agencies were not behindhand, and offered—A TRIP TO THE GREAT TEST. THREE DAYS IN BRIGHTEST BISKRA FOR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

There was a gigantic response, and it was estimated by February 20th that a crowd of not fewer than five million persons, drawn from all four quarters of the world, would have surged to the scene on the Great Day. The newspapers printed the most formidable statistics as to the number of sausage rolls, cups of Bovril, bottles of beer, and sandwiches it would require to nourish this multitude. It seemed that the Miracle of the Five Thousand would have to be repeated. Though Biskra was a town of 800,000 inhabitants, it was obvious that it could only provide accommodation for a tithe of the great horde, so a huge canvas city arose outside its walls which could house three million souls.

On February 16th, Lord Balcombe announced that the experiment would take place without fail at twelve noon on March 4th. During the next fortnight a gigantic fleet of great Atlantic liners docked in the ports of Europe, while the light of the sun was almost blotted out by the stream of aircraft moving across it. Trains at one-minute intervals passed through the Channel Tunnel for four days; nineteen fatal railway accidents occurred between Paris and Marseilles; the streets of Algiers and Biskra became impassable.

Bert, when he read of all this, hardly connected it in any way with himself. However, when on March 2nd, he was flown across to a tent, situated near the Projector, he found it a pleasant break in the monotony of existence, and as a special treat was allowed an extra bottle of Scotch.

The mighty horde was already gathering in the desert, and from then till the time of the experiment it continued to pour in. The hundred famous scientists arrived just after Bert, and were entertained by his Lordship at a banquet.

Thirty thousand French troops had assembled.

Dawn thundered up on the Great Day and a glorious morning broke into splendour, and out from Biskra and its tented pendant came the world. The Press tent disgorged five hundred picked descriptive writers. Lord Balcombe had attempted to keep Bert's whereabouts a secret, but that secret had been betrayed and the five hundred moved towards his tent.

The only thing that was best about Bert in the early hours was his language, and when he was awakened by half a battalion of buzzing inquisitors his vocabulary was so unprecedentedly picturesque and pointed that the representative of a Scottish journal went up to him and adopted a

fighting attitude. Bert went further and knocked him down. Whereupon the five hundred withdrew.

"All I got out of Bert was 420 new cuss words," cabled the star reporter of the *Medicine Hat Monitor*.

The gargantuan horde was spreading itself over the sand, and the eyes of all were turned to where in the distance fifty acres of steel were flashing and shimmering in the growing heat, and a great crane was thrusting its finger in the sun's eye. No one, however, was allowed within two miles of the mechanism and it was closely guarded. Mighty chars-à-bancs were dashing up at 100 miles an hour; startling flocks of aeroplanes were landing, and presently the 2,000 ft. Graf Zeppelin is swung to her mast.

Ten huge electric megaphones had been installed and they towered above the desert. Each was to give out a running commentary in :

English and French,
German and Italian,
Russian and Greek,
Dutch and Spanish,
Norwegian and Danish.

The details of the Experiment had been given to the announcers by Lord Balcombe; meanwhile, they improvised facetiously.

Eight thousand bookies were already on their stands, and Bert might have been interested to learn that they were prepared to lay 5 to 1 against the success of the Experiment and 100 to 1 against his chances of surviving it. (The S. P. was 10—1 and 150—1).

As the hour for the Experiment drew near so packed and seething was the Sahara that it might have been the sea giving up its dead. Meanwhile, in his Lordship's marquée which was made of the finest silk and emblazoned with the Balcombe arms, the savants conversed.

"Always," said Professor Etoile of Paris, "the toy for these English, the model. They cannot believe that two and two are four, until they have taken two bricks and added two bricks and seen that there are four bricks. Then they believe."

"But this Lord is madder than most English," said Doctor Tantpis of Bruxelles.

"Nevertheless," remarked Herr Professor Schmidt, "he is rich, his food and drink are good, and this desert air benefits my lumbago."

"Have you seen the object which is to ascend in the Box?" asked Signor Twanki of Milan, "By Bacchus! What an animal!"

"Caution," said the Dutch Professor, "here comes the mad Lord."

At 11.30 the hum of the crowd was clearly audible to a Bedouin tribe, forty miles south of the oasis of Sidi-Akbar. The playing of the "Marseillaise" by the massed bands, a few scattered cheers and a vibrating fury of hoots, cat-calls and yells greeted the arrival of the French Cabinet in a Government aeroplane. The carefully rehearsed explosion of some blank cartridges announced that Mussolini and Winston had landed.

Immediately this news was known a thousand spahis thundered through the throng and with the flat of their swords broke up a formidable fracas between the Italians and the Yugo-Slavs.

And soon the British people were misrepresented by the arrival of the then Home Secretary.

Thousands of pickpockets and confidence tricksters were reaping an unprecedented harvest. Hundreds of the finest detectives of Europe were rounding them up, and every few minutes a French police 'plane with a full cargo zoomed up bound for the gaol at Algiers. The sky was thick with the drifting smoke of 'plane-painted advertisements and the fading slogan, "Read Michael Arlen's Latest and Greatest Novel," mingled with the broken streamers which once had proclaimed that "Bert Buys Bovril."

Suddenly a maroon, fired from a 40-inch mortar, roared to heaven, burst, and vomited forth eighty thousand coloured sparks. This was the signal for which five million had been waiting, and they surged towards the megaphones.

At that moment Lord Balcombe stood up in his silken marquée and said, "Gentlemen, if you are ready," and then he led forth the world's hundred greatest savants to the tent where Bert had just finished an enormous lunch, and was feeling very sleepy. The five hundred star reporters dashed towards them and the spahis at full gallop headed them off.

"Are you ready, Bert?" asked Lord Balcombe, a slight quaver in his voice.

Bert yawned, rubbed his eyes and replied, "Yus, Guv'nor."

"Bert Balls has left his tent!" thundered the megaphones, "and is proceeding to the Box, surrounded by the famous scientists."

The gigantic crane swung its mighty finger to the north and let down a steel cable ending in a gold hook which awaiting mechanics placed in the platinum "eye" above the silver Box, which was resting on the sand. Towards this Box the procession moved. Bert picked his teeth and stared unconcernedly at it, peered up at the crane and blinked as the sun-flashes from fifty acres of steel smote his eyes.

At that moment two billion persons in every country of the globe were grouped round loud speakers, waiting with impatience for what was to come.

The procession reached the Box. His Lordship was painfully nervous, his walrus moustaches rose and fell, his wild and brooding eyes were bloodshot and strained as he ushered Bert into the specially prepared receptacle, which contained a hamper, a microphone, an arm chair and a two-gallon bottle of beer. Bert opened the hamper, examined its contents, and appeared satisfied. He sat down in the chair and said, "Get on wiv it, Guv'nor," and then lit a cigarette.

"Now, Bert," said Lord Balcombe, "you understand what you have to do. When I ask you a question, answer it immediately, and don't open the beer till I tell you. Good luck!"

And round the world thundered the tidings: "Lord Balcombe is giving

his final instructions to Bert Balls. The scientists are grouped round the Box ; Bert has taken his seat. He is cheerful and seems confident. Now the door of the Box is closing. It is now closed and Lord Balcombe and the scientists are on their way back to the Central Tent " (The latter was an annexe to the marquée and was furnished with 30 microphones and a loud speaker).

The mighty murmur of the multitude and the raucous exhortations of the bookies stirred the silk. His Lordship seated himself before a microphone and said, " Is that O.C. Crane ? "

" O. C. Crane speaking," came from the loud speaker.

" Are you all ready ? "

" All ready."

" Then hoist ! "

And then to the accompaniment of a thin, persistent " whirr " the Box rose from the sand, while the megaphones roared out: " The first part of the marvellous experiment has begun, and the crane is raising the Box containing Mr. Bert Balls. It will be lifted to a height of five hundred feet. In a few moments you will hear the question put by Lord Balcombe and Bert's answer."

The formidable chatter of the throng thinned and almost ceased as the great crane swung the Box up and up till it was plainly seen, a tiny speck, by ten million eyes.

And then the whirring ceased and the cage was motionless. Lord Balcombe took his seat before another microphone and said, " Can you hear me, Bert ? "

" Yus, Guv'nor," came from the loud speaker.

" Have you the shilling in your fingers ? "

" Yus, Guv'nor."

" Open your fingers."

" Done it, Guv'nor."

" What happened ? "

" The bob dropped, Guv'nor."

The scientists shrugged their shoulders and stifled smiles, while from the multitude came such a bellow, such a titanic crash of laughter that it shook the steeples of Biskra, ten miles away, and caused their bells slowly to toll, while the pickpockets reaped another rich harvest from the doubled-up and mirth-afflicted mob.

Lord Balcombe paid no heed to the derisive clamour, but went to the microphone and said :

" Swing to centre."

And as the crane began to whirr again and move forward over the steel, the megaphones proclaimed: " And now you are to witness the crucial part of this epoch-making test. The crane is carrying the Box over to the centre of the Ten Billion Volt Projector. This Projector sends out a ray of such unparalleled power that it will drive up the Box at a velocity increasing to 185,999 miles per second. This ray was discovered by Lord

Balcombe nearly twenty years ago, but has never been employed before and is entirely unknown to science."

Once gain the multitudinous murmur of the horde was hushed, and Lord Balcombe was saying, "Is that Central Control?"

"Yes."

"All ready?"

"All ready."

"Hold it!"

"Hold it, it is."

And then there came a slight tremor and the crane, poised above the fifty acres of steel, lifted, and its hook disengaged from the "eye" of the Box. For a moment the latter danced and swayed, and then Lord Balcombe shouted, "Half-power!"

And a tremendous cry went up from the multitude and it swayed on its heels, for the shake became immense and searching. And as the Box flashed to heaven, one thin piercing scream came from it and it was gone!

Five million persons stared up in silence and rocked upon their heels. The scientists stared up too, their minds overwhelmed by the miracle they had witnessed.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Balcombe, "there will be nothing to occupy your attention for the next three hours. The Box in that time will have travelled roughly 190,000,000 miles and will then be outside the influence of any gravitational field. I suggest we have lunch."

This suggestion met with general approval, particularly from Herr Schmidt, who was good enough to observe, on taking his seat at the table, that while there was nothing theoretically remarkable in the spectacle they had witnessed, its practical application had somewhat impressed him.

The multitude was fed also, after the megaphones had announced that for the next three hours there would be dance music from Valparaiso, Vladivostock and Auckland. Presently, "When I can't see you I feel so blue," thundered forth from Chile.

"So far, I don't call this very good value for three hundred quid," said a Brighter Young Person in the five guinea lunch tent. "Did you put the doubloons on for me, Horace?"

"Sure, Sappho, I got one-forty-nines; the rest is up to Bert."

Presently the Sahara became redolent with a composite aroma of oranges, bananas, spirits, beer, Virginian cigarettes, and perspiration. To the south a tribe of Bedouins drifted by, silhouetted against the horizon. The multitude stretched itself out on the sand, made light love, indulged in *facetiae*, drained bottles, giggled, swore and dozed.

During their lunch the savants exchanged comments.

"Always the toy, the model," said Professor Etoile, but he spoke with less assurance, "That gauche animal in the Box, I suppose he is asleep."

"I should require more than one bottle of beer," said Herr Schmidt, "on such a journey, though it was a big one."

"He is of the type which would sleep through the Second Coming,"

remarked the greatest of all Italian Physicists, scratching his black shirt. "And so am I," replied Herr Schmidt, helping himself to hors d'oeuvres for the fourth time.

Every five minutes Lord Balcombe went to the microphone and said, "Are you all right, Bert?" and every time the loud speaker bellowed forth, "O.K. Guv'nor."

Presently the scientists drained their glasses and slept, lulled by the steady, rhythmic shake and still hearing vaguely through their dreams the raucous and repeated cry, "O.K. Guv'nor."

At half-past three Lord Balcombe aroused them. "Gentlemen," he said, "the Box has now reached a point in space where it is totally exempt from the influence of any gravitational field and, therefore, the experiment can now be concluded." From the megaphones the multitude were exhorted to listen intently, for the most important moment in the history of science was at hand, the significance of which would be realised by all those who had read the handbook concerning it which had been issued from the Broadcasting Companies of the world. At this, there was such a flutter of printed papers that the tame mirage near the oasis of Turist-Stuf, blenched, faded, and moved 50 miles south.

Lord Balcombe's moustache twitched, his vast boots creaked, sweat poured down his gaunt countenance and suddenly he cried, "Can you hear me, Bert?"

"Yus, Guv'nor, and it's bloody cold up 'ere."

"Take the shilling in your fingers."

"Done it, Guv'nor."

"Open your fingers."

"Done it, Guv'nor."

"And what happened?" cried Lord Balcombe.

"The bob dropped, Guv'nor."

"Then you can drink your beer."

There was a moment's hush and then such a howl of laughter rose from the multitude that the tower of the mosque of Sidi-Akbar wavered and fell, slaying two hundred persons eating locusts below it.

"Gentlemen," cried Lord Balcombe, "the experiment has succeeded, and so far Einstein has been proved right, but I shall now prove that one of his greatest generalisations was wrong. He maintained that nothing could exceed the velocity of light. But the Projector will now increase the velocity of the Z Ray to 374,000 miles a second, this being twice the velocity of light. Consequently the Box will start to return to earth and will be back here again in three hours!"

Exclamations of astonishment, incredulity and indigestion burst from the savants as his Lordship went to a microphone and shouted, "Is that Central Control?"

"Yes, sir."

"Apply full power!"

And at once such a fierce and piercing throbbing, such a remorseless,

beating tremor, such a thrusting and driving shake spread from the shining monster that the multitude reeled, staggered and fell, the soaring megaphone towers swayed like trees in a gale, the canvas city wavered and each tent coiled itself around its pole. Lord Balcombe's silken marquée strained at its steel cables till they hummed like swarming bees.

The multitude, screaming hysterically, dug their fingers and toes into the sand and strove to adapt themselves to the fiery pressure. The scientists, clinging to their chairs, felt their bodies billowed out and bulged. The palms at Timbuctoo shook the lizards from their tops; an eagle, bathing its plumage in the great sun's rays, lost control and fell five thousand feet; a phalanx of cranes tottered back to the desert pool from which they had arisen; a herd of gazelles splashed the saltpetre from their tiny hooves as they somersaulted, as the driving and remorseless pressure poured through space, and the great ray from the Projector reached up into Infinite Space and flicked Bert and his Box back down its inexorable blade.

The scientists attempted to recover their composure and regard the phenomena with nonchalance. As they squirmed under the pressure, they made notes. They found that this pressure had a tendency to cause matter to become fluid and discontinuous. In fact, the thin, wavering outline of one savant appeared to be attempting to float into and combine with the billowing outline of another. Even their thoughts seemed to be exchanged and their minds became highly confused. Professor Etoile found himself entertaining heterodox views on Alsatian autonomy, which he felt had floated across from Schmidt, and Signor Twanki conceived a distaste for his black shirt which he realised was communicated by his Yugo-Slavian colleague. The similarity between the psychical and physical results of this terrific ray application was of the greatest possible scientific importance, and opened up lines of enquiry which were fruitfully pursued for the next fifty years, till Professor Anselm enunciated his magnificent theorem that life was a condition of matter in deterioration, and that consciousness was an inevitable consequence and measure of this deterioration.

The multitude made no notes and was near the end of its tether. As the hour of six approached, it was swaying, surging, jostling. The wailing of frightened children, the wild cries of their parents stirred the air. Suddenly, seized by panic, they surged madly towards Biskra with a deafening and dreadful shout.

Lord Balcombe paid no heed to the clamour, for what was wrong with Bert? Ever since the Box had started to descend, the most shocking stream of oaths had flashed down from it to the loud speaker. His Lordship had cut down reception to the minimum so that only to his ears came that flooded Amazon of ceaseless imprecation. He had never realised that the human mind could conceive, or the human tongue utter, such a blasting fury of encyclopaedic invective. And then his eye saw an indicator needle flicker and steady itself. From the multitude came a great shout, "Look

up there ! ” and Lord Balcombe cried “ Stand by ! ” and a mote became a speck and a speck a tiny Box screaming back to earth. And Lord Balcombe cried, “ Three-quarter power ! ” and then “ Half-power ! ” and then “ Hold it ! ” And the Box poised, fluttered and was anchored in the air. The savants tottered out on to the sand. And the multitude paused in its flight, looked back—and saw the giant crane swing its mighty arm over and across, and slip its hook into the aluminium eye ; and the shake had ceased, and the multitude moaned with relief. With its light and tiny “ whirr ” the crane lowered the Box and placed it on the sand. And five million ran towards it.

But one of Bert’s day warders, the “ K.O. Kid,” a retired pugilist, arrived an easy first. And though he had always been more K.O.’d than K.O.’ing, he side-stepped and ducked creditably a second after he had flung open the door of the Box, as a vicious “ left ” fizzed past his ear.

“ What’s the game, Bert ? ” he cried.

And then the incarnadined and blazing face of Bert Balls appeared, and such a torrent of dreadful words burst from his mouth, such a beating, crashing Niagara of blasphemy, that there seemed no other sound in the world.

“ That.....bottle’s corked ! ” he bellowed, staring like a spume-dribbling, tortured, furnace-eyed Andalusian bull, and shaking his gigantic fists.

And the five million watched in dead silence a hunched and maddened speck striding dangerously and bitterly to its tent.

All except the bookies, who were already on their way home.

ALLAN RAMSAY

By J. R. YOUNG

THE importance of Allan Ramsay as a forerunner of Burns is difficult to gauge with accuracy. It is not disputable that, even without such as Allan, Burns would have sung his songs and enslaved his nation, by sheer force of what was in him, but it is hardly less disputable that, in absolute value, his work would have suffered. As, without Plutarch, without Saxo Grammaticus, some of the noblest of Shakespeare's works would certainly have remained unwritten, so was the achievement of the greatest of Scottish poets largely supported, built upon a foundation laid by others and, of these others, by far the most considerable, both in his influence and in his own intrinsic importance, was Allan Ramsay.

Born, as he tells us, in one of his many autobiographical poems, "of Crawford-Moor . . . native of Clydesdale's upper ward", in the village of Leadhills, in 1686, he was sent away from his own village at the age of fifteen. His father, manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines in the district, had died, and his mother, a Derbyshire woman, married a small landholder who sent his stepson to Edinburgh as apprentice to a wigmaker. Allan took to town life immediately—found himself more in his element there than perhaps any other "national" poet, has been known to do. Moreover, he did not despise his trade, but continued his career as a wigmaker for many years after his apprenticeship was served. He was of a convivial nature, too, though he seems never to have gone to excesses. The period was one of clubs, Edinburgh eagerly following London's lead in a fashion dictated by the fraternising spirit in men, which a long term of years of political unrest had denied. True, there had been taverns where carousals were held by artists, writers, and their friends, but it was not until the more settled days after the Restoration that anything like what we now understand by "Club life" became general or, indeed, possible. In Edinburgh, moreover, club life was almost a necessity. After the panic of Flodden, the City had been walled in and, as it was considered unfashionable to live beyond the bounds of the "Flodden Wall," the problem of housing accommodation in the City soon became acute, until it was no unusual thing for a well-do-do family to live in two or three rooms and a kitchen, in one of the sets of flats which began to spring up in place of the old, lower houses. Some of the straits to which large, professional families were put are almost incredible, and it must have been a considerable relief to everyone when the men got into the habit of spending the evenings—and often half the nights—at their clubs, which were of the most varied description. Perhaps naturally as a result of the disputes which had pre-occupied men's minds for so long, a large number of these clubs was political; and, in Edinburgh, among others less well-known, was established the "Easy Club," with a membership of young Jacobites whose politics

were more genial than serious though their geniality did not save the club from extinction in the Jacobite year 1715. It may be premised that membership of this club was looked upon by the young men of the time as a privilege, and it was as a candidate for admission that Ramsay first appears as a poet, in his address "To the most happy members of the Easy Club," in 1712. During the next few years he was in the habit of reading to the Club before printing, with their approval, most of the verse which composed the volume of collected poems which he published in 1721. Meantime, they were printed and sold in the streets as broadsheets and, as such, they reached the stage of popularity at which the children were regularly given a penny to go and buy "Ramsay's last piece." He was no fool, however, and refused to acknowledge those of his pieces (and they were not few) which, from their political bias, might have got him or his patrons into trouble. In 1715, the year of its demise, he was appointed laureate of the Club, under the pseudonym of Gavin Douglas (literary pseudonyms were the rule of the Club, and he discarded his earlier choice of "Isaac Bickerstaff" in favour of one at once more poetic and more patriotic). Shortly afterwards appeared his first considerable work—two original cantos added to the old poem of James I.'s, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*. He had been delving into an old collection of Scottish poetry, amassed by Bannatyne in 1568 and, attracted by the rough though genuine humour of the King's work, Ramsay, in his own words: "ambitious to imitate so great an original—put a stop to the war [the original canto described the half drunken squabbles of some Fifeshire rustics on a holiday]—that the world might have their picture—drinking, dancing and singing." It was well done. Rough, coarse in parts, Ramsay's two cantos have placed on record customs and manners long since dead, and his success may be gauged by the fact that his work drew from Hogarth a part dedication of his *Hudibras* plates "To Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh." The archaic language, however, is a considerable bar to readers who have in the *Holy Fair* and the *Jolly Beggars* pictures of carousing life easier to read and of much higher poetic merit than *Christ's Kirk*, whose value, nevertheless, is incalculable as having suggested, in large measure, to Burns what might be done on those lines.

Between 1721 and 1730 Ramsay published two collections of his own poems; several rhymed epistles to his friends, notably to William Hamilton of Gilbertfield—thus setting another model for Burns; some *Fables and Tales* showing shrewd humour; his famous pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, still familiarly known in his own country by its original name of *Patie and Roger*; and, most important of all, four volumes of Scots poems, *The Tea Table Miscellany* and the *Evergreen*. The latter, the result of Ramsay's explorations in the Bannatyne Collection, purported to be a collection of Scots poems and songs "writ by the ingenious before 1600." It was not confined to its stated content. More than one of the poems were of much more recent date, and Ramsay took advantage of the necessary anonymity of much of the work to include some political poems

of his own, notably the *Vision*, a fairly long poem supposed to have been translated from the Latin, and to deal with the troubles of Scotland in the time of the Bruce and King Edward I of England. In reality it was a very strong, very imaginatively presented harangue on the political evils of Ramsay's own day, with the Pretender disguised as the Bruce, and George I. as Edward.

This poem shows Ramsay at his best ; he was passionately devoted to his country, and felt a personal sense of injury in the follies, private and political, of his countrymen ; and, though no ardent nature-lover, the scenery and general condition of the Scottish country-side were so much a part of him that in his most earnest, most serious vein references and descriptions of nature came unsought. His imaginative powers, too, are seen at their best in *The Vision*, which is written in a somewhat difficult metre, used by Maitland about 160 years earlier ; improved by Alexander Montgomerie (who died in 1614) in his allegorical poem *The Cherrie and the Slae*, from which it took its name, and passed on by Ramsay to Burns who used it to good purpose in *The Jolly Beggars* and in other of his poems. The language, as befits a poem of ancient period, is archaic, with a certain amount of alliteration :

Bedoun the bents of Banquo brae,
Mylane I wandert waif and wae,
Musand our main mischance ;
How by thae faes we ar undone,
That staw the sacred stane fare Scone,
And lead us sic a dannce ;
Qyhyle Ingland's Edert taks our tours,
And Scotland first obeys,
Rude ruffians ransak royal bours,
And Baliol homage pays :
Throch feidom, our freedom
Is blotit with this skore,
Quhat Romans', or no man's,
Pith culd eir do before.

A heavy May storm breaking out, the poet ran for shelter to a cave in the rocks where, following the usual tradition, in such cases, he fell asleep. However, troubled about his country's state, his subconscious mind was on the alert and discerned the approach of the Guardian Genius of Scotland, a bold and warlike figure who, comforting the poet, introduced himself as " the warden of this auntient nation." Whereupon, with a shrewdness which flashes in unexpected places and does much to endear him to us, Ramsay " vizzyt him round about " and, very pertinently, " speird qyhair he had been sae long ? " The guardian has been among the Highlands (good enough indication of Ramsay's Jacobite tendencies) :

To hills and glens I me betuke,
To them that love my richt ;
Quhase minds yet, inclinds yet,

To damm the rappid spate,
Devysing, and prying
Freidom at ony rate.

The poet curses his country's betrayers, but is told that, in a meeting of the guardians of the nations, it had been promised that :

Quhen Scottish peirs flicht Saxon gold,
And turn trew heartit men ;
Quhen knaivry, and slaiverie,
Are equally dispysed,
And loyaltie, and royaltie,
Universalie are prysd——

(no wonder that Ramsay disowned the poem !)

A king then, sall ring then,
Of wyse renoun and braiv,
Quhase pusiens, and sapiens,
Sall richt restore and saiv.

The apparition then gives a picture of guardians in council ; favourably comparing their deliberations with the drunken orgies of the classical gods,

Quhen staggirrand, and swaggirrand,
They stoiter hame to sleip,
Quhyle centeries, at enteries,
Imortal watches keip.

But the guardians of the nations “ neir in drink our judgments drench,”
for :

Our minds then, sae kind then,
Are fixt upon our care,
Ay noting, and ploting,
Quhat tends to thair weilfare.

Further advice and prophecy is given, the apparition vanishes and the poem comes to an end with a simple description of the beauty of a May storm passed :

Then peiping, half sleiping,
Frae furth my rural beild, [*i.e.* shelter]
It eisit, and pleisit me,
To se and smell the field.
For Flora in hir clene array,
New washen with a showir of May,
Lukit full sweit and fair ;
The winds wer husht, the welking cleird,
The glumand clouds war fled,
And all as saft and gay appeird
As ane Elysian shed.

It will be seen that Ramsay was not a mere “ art for art's sake ” poet. He was inclined to use his gift for furthering ends he thought worthy ; he was not less happy when denouncing the abuses or follies of his time,

and this is well seen in his caustic comments on the tragedy of the South Sea Bubble. In an *Epistle to Lord Ramsay*, in *Wealth or the Woody* [gallows] and, above all, in the *Satyr's Comic Project* for recovering a bankrupt stock-jobber, his wit and his sense, as well as his genius, are well seen. *Wealth or the Woody* begins with an invocation to the Comic Muse to :

See frae yon bank where South Sea ebbs and flows,
How sand-blind Chance woodies and wealth bestows.

He sketches the state of mind which led to the bubble rush, with the caustic comment

Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,
Into whose bottom round anes headlong ran.

touches on the folly of those who had scarcely enough to live on, but now "look down on fishers' boats wi' mickle pride"; gives us the bitter irony of :

Imperial gowd ! what is't thou canna grant ?
Possest of thee, what is't a man needs want ?
Commanding coin ! there's nothing hard to thee ;
I canna guess how rich fowk come to die.

—then, at the end of a perfect picture of the miseries of winter, he con-
founds us with as poetical a blow as was ever dealt :

Then, then in gardens, parks or silent glen,
When trees bear naithing else, they'll carry men.

In the *Satyr's Comic Project* he gets at a different audience, to the tune of a very beautiful popular song of a century earlier, *Colin's Complaint* :

On the shore of a low-ebbing sea,
A sighing young jobber was seen,
Staring wishfully at an old tree,
Which grew on the neighbouring green.
There's a tree that can finish the strife
And disorder that wars in my breast,
What need's one be pain'd with his life,
When a halter can purchase him rest ?

Opportunely

A satyr that wander'd along
With a laugh to his raving replied ;
The savage maliciously sung,
And joked while the stock-jobber cried. . . .
Said he, Have ye been at the sea,
And met with a contrary wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune so free ?
Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind. .

Then he unfolds his "comic project" with a savage irony which must have flicked the susceptibilities of more than we can to-day guess :

Hecatissa conceited and old,
Affects in her airs to seem young,

Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
 And plenty of nonsense her tongue.
 Lay siege to her for a short space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey ;
 Extol her for beauty and grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the day.
 In wedlock you fairly may join,
 And when of her wealth you are sure,
 Make free with the old woman's coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young w——.

The *Tea Table Miscellany* was a project of slightly different complexion and was what it purported to be, a collection of songs, Scots and English, by various hands without regard to antiquity. Among others, Robert Crawford and Hamilton of Bangour (whose *Braes of Yarrow* is one of the most beautiful ballads in existence) contributed, and it is in the *Miscellany* that all Ramsay's real songs appeared. They vary greatly in merit ; few are worthy to rank with the best of Scots songs, for Ramsay was too much a man of the world, too clear-headed and cool, ever to abandon himself to the fiery impulse of a moment. Many, however, are quite charming, not less so for the touch of Horatian philosophy to be found here and there.

His best songs are those that touch, with a slight satire, on country courtships. There is a good lilt in :

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump of land,
 And we for life sall gang thegither ; . . .
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and moors and meadows ;
 But naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

which set the way for Burns's far better known *Lass wi' a Tocher* (i.e. dowry). *The Widow* may well have been a popular song in its time :

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do,
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.

Now and then he comes very near the true note :

This is no my ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since wi' my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't :
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire side,
 My ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

His classic vein is well seen in the poem *To L. L. in mourning* :

Ah ! why those tears in Nelly's eyes ?
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O ! be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind,
 Wounded I sigh for thee. . . .
 Then must I hide my love and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by ?
 No, she can love, and I'll go try,
 What e'er my fate may be.

He could not, however, let his heart run away with his head, and nearly all his best songs are marred by a too-detached irony, or by an over-concentration on detail. He can write :

Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae . . .

—burst into a paraphrase of Horace :

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafold o'er a rung.
 Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time,
 Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

—and then spoil it by two or three verses of commonplace detail.

One of the most self-revelatory of poets, the pith of his more serious philosophy is contained in some lines to Sir William Bennett, as also in the description given in the *Gentle Shepherd* of Patie's reading—which, incidentally casts an interesting side light on the authors popular with Ramsay himself :

But he whose cheerful mind hath higher flown,
 And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own ;
 Has seen the world, and read the volume Man,
 And can the springs and ends of action scan ;
 Has fronted death in service of his king,
 And drunken deep of the Castalian spring ;
 This man can live, and happiest life's his due ;
 Can be a friend—a virtue known to view.

Patie, the Gentle Shepherd

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh Port,
 He buys some books of history, sangs or sport ; . . .
 And carries aye a pouchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespar and a famous Ben
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fraze
 About fine poems, histories, and plays :
 When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings ;——
 " With this," quoth he, " on braes I crack with kings."

Ramsay's great value, however, lies in that he prepared the way for Burns and Hogg, by reviving an interest in Scots vernacular poetry, which had largely lapsed during the religious troubles of the preceding century. The patriotic works of Barbour, Blind Harry, Wyntoun had lost their immediate appeal ; Lyndsay and Dunbar were forgotten, and the Union, first of crowns and then of governments, cast an English influence over Scottish literature, which would have been more pernicious in effect than it actually proved, had it not been for Ramsay's collections and his original work. He himself wrote a good many poems in the fashionable English style imitative of Pope, but they are on the whole better ignored. When Burns used the English mode, it was to convey some subtle difference in meaning, but Ramsay merely fell in with a fashion. The real service he rendered to Scotland and to literature generally, was in catching a past and fleeting taste for weaving new words into old ballads, old country songs, old tunes, and, though he has been rebuked for tampering with the text and language of the genuine old songs in his collections, the good he did more than counterbalanced the harm.

The literature of Scotland has had a spasmodic history. Perhaps the most patriotic country in the world, each momentous event in its history produced some great literary work, and, without such incentive, so long as Scotland was a separate kingdom, no great work appeared. *The Brus*, *Wallace*, Wyntoun's *Chronicle* are the pillars upon which Scottish literature stands ; and they were the outcome of enormous national struggle. They were the thread on which all the poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries strung their gems. Then came a century of darkness ; Scotland's independence, her throne, her crown, her government were taken from her and, instead, she found herself smothered in a cloud of bitter, bigoted religious controversy, when the very idea of song and ballad was decried and, with a few exceptions, all great impulses in that direction were abortive. Those who wrote were impelled to follow the government and write for the English taste, either to save themselves from a charge of provincialism or to make sure of the most lucrative patronage. It was not until Allan Ramsay in the *Miscellany* and the *Evergreen* resurrected some

of the most valuable and beautiful of Scottish poems, that it was realised that there existed a national genius far more worth cultivating than the bastard effusions produced by the Union. Ramsay, it is true, altered, sometimes to an almost unrecognisable extent, the words, occasionally the metres of the old work. But the "crime" was less heinous then than now. The present fashion of reverence for antiquity was scarcely in its infancy, and, in any case, Ramsay seems—rightly—to have thought a live dog to be better than a dead lion, and followed a sound instinct when he adapted his material, as he avowedly did, to catch the public taste. Had he not done so, had he not educated Scotland into valuing her own past literature, had he not created an appreciative national palate for vernacular literature, it is beyond doubt that Burns's handicap would have been almost insuperably greater. Furthermore, by using, experimenting with and improving, such old metres as that of the *Cherrie and the Slae* and, more especially, the *Habbie Simpson* metre in which nearly all Burns's favourite works are cast, he rendered another inestimable service to the master who followed him, not without grateful acknowledgments to "excellent Ramsay." Nor was it only by perfecting metres that he smoothed the path for Burns. He composed four elegies—on Maggy Johnstone; on John Cowper, an Edinburgh "proctor"; on Lucky Wood, an honest ale-house keeper; and on Patie Birnie, a well-known street musician. These elegies are in the direct line of the more famous elegies on *Poor Mailie* and *Tam Samson*, while *Lucky Spence's Last Advice*, and *The Last Speech of a Dying Miser*:

Oh gear ! I held ye lang thegither ;
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
 And to Virginia sauld my brither,
 And crushed my wife ;
 But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
 To leave my life.

point the way to the biting sarcasm, in the same *Habbie Sompson* metre, of *Holy Willie's Prayer* and *Dr. Hornbrook*.

But Ramsay's popular reputation rests on his pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*. He had already shown an inclination towards pastoral writing, and had produced odes on the deaths of Addison and Prior, and the marriages of various personages, in pastoral mould, and was finally induced to put together two fragments—*Patie and Roger* and *Jenny and Maggy*—into the form of a drama, acknowledged to be the best pastoral drama in existence. It stands alone, both in its intrinsic worth and in any influence it may have produced (Alexander Ross's *Helenore* being little more than an echo); but it marks his originality and sense of mind that he cast off the "ordinary cant" of pastoral, with its improbable situations and stereotyped characters, and wrote, simply and sweetly, of the everyday life led, in his time, by shepherds and shepherdesses of East Lothian, showing them washing clothes in a stream, dancing in the farm-kitchen, discussing love and fortune on the hills. Quotation is not easy, for it is not

in isolated passages but in the quality of the whole play that its value lies, though here and there some well-known country saying or piece of wisdom is found as when Patie, defending old Mause from a charge of raving, says :

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave ?

And one of the songs (which were added only in imitation of those which made the *Beggar's Opera* such a success) may well stand here :

" I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
I have seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh ;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee ;
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be."
Jenny said to Jocky, " Gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be."

The Gentle Shepherd had none of the high impossible sentiments in classic vein common to conventional pastoral, but enough simplicity of speech and truth of sentiment to endear it for many generations to those country people who recognise the truth of the pictures Ramsay gave them, and the unaffected sentiments to which he gave expression. There is not a false note struck throughout this tale of the love of a shepherd and a country girl, threatened with separation but destined to find happiness under the kindly guidance of Sir William Worthy, a lately fugitive laird, now restored to his lands and his son who, in disguise, is, of course, the "Gentle Shepherd." So far Ramsay did pay deference to the fashion, but this acceptance of convention in no way mars the effect of natural simplicity of feeling and of treatment, and few will quarrel with it on that score.

The Gentle Shepherd was published in 1725. Ramsay's reputation was by this time made ; he had long ago opened a bookshop and a lending library in Edinburgh, where gathered all the wits of the town. In 1730, with the publication of *Fables* which cannot lower, though they do not greatly raise, his name, he decided, with the cool detachment which robs all his work of the fire of genius, that he would write no more, for fear of finding himself "written out." He had always had a passion for the stage and, in 1736 he built a theatre in Carrubber's Close ; but it proved a vain expense, for all theatres were closed in the next year. His wife, Christian Ross, daughter of an Edinburgh lawyer, died in 1743, after thirty years of happy married life, and twelve years later he finally retired from business to Castle Hill, where he had built a remarkable eight-sided house, popularly known as the Goose Pie ("And, indeed, Allan," said a friend, "now I see ye in it, I think it's no ill named."). He died in 1758, after a long life undisturbed by any winds of adversity or, so far as we know, upheavals of passion. He had many children, but only three survived him. Of these, the son became a tolerably well-known portrait painter, of whom Johnson

said : " You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information and elegance than Ramsay's." He probably owed much to his father, who seems to have been deservedly popular with all who knew him. Ramsay led a life of very even tenour ; wise rather than enthusiastic. One enthusiasm, however, his works admit. He was an ardent patriot. Time after time we find him advancing the claims of Scotland and things Scottish :

. . . shaw them the frozen North
Can tow'ring minds with heavenly heat bring forth :
Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains sing,
As saft as he that haughs Hesperian treads,
Or leans beneath the aromatic shades ;
Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
Still something great a Scottish bosom warms.

and he puts, on more than one occasion, into the mouth of the City of Edinburgh or some spirit of the country, moderate protests against the exodus of society to London, occasionally enlisting his muse in the sanitary service of his City.

Probably a more thorough Scotsman never lived, and probably no Scotsman deserved more recognition than he does of services rendered to his country's literature. No outstanding poet himself, he recognised the value of Scots literature ; to him, as has been said, " belongs the enviable honour of having been the first to disinter Dunbar," and other Scots poets from the neglect in which they were in danger of being lost for ever. And, by reproducing their works and, in his own, showing that the Scottish muse was far from being a dead thing :

. . . music may have as good fate
In Albion's glens as Umbria's green retreat ;
And with Correlli's saft Italian song
Mix " Cowdenknowes " and " Winter nights are long."

he showed himself in the van of the honourable race of forerunners of Robert Burns.



MOONLIGHT

Woodcut by CHRISTOPHER MILLETT

THE STAGE SOCIETY :

A Retrospect and an Appeal

By CLIFFORD BAX

I

MOST people are aware that the Stage Society was the first of the many organisations for producing plays on Sunday evenings, and that it was by means of the Stage Society that Mr. Bernard Shaw became known as a playwright ; but few realise how many other claims to honour it can advance. Moreover, there is a tendency in some quarters to suppose that during recent years it has achieved little : an error which may at once be corrected by merely stating that in 1928 the Society introduced to London the work of Mr. John van Druten (*Young Woodley*) and in 1929 the work of Mr. Sherriff (*Journey's End*). In July of the present year it celebrated its thirtieth anniversary by holding a reception at Miss Maud Allan's mansion in Regent's Park, and in her large and lovely garden, presenting for the occasion a short satirical and musical revue. Owing to the popularity of "the Stage Society party," a good many guests were unable to get seats in the vast ball-room which served as a theatre, and had to content themselves with eating sandwiches and admiring the stars. The fact that Miss Allan, who had been in no way associated with the Society, lent her house for the celebration, that a distinguished company and a West-End manager instantly agreed to give up their time to the presentation of the revue, and that Mr. Armstrong Gibbs without hesitation applied himself to composing the music for it, is characteristic of the spirit by which the Society has always been inspired. It is, and always has been, an entirely disinterested body, conducted by enthusiastic amateurs and sustained by the work and goodwill of "the profession." I suppose that almost every actor and actress who has been famous in England during this century must have played for the Society : and I am tempted to add that there can be no player of taste and intelligence who has not done so. It is obvious that in the course of thirty years the Society must have had its periods of flatness, but a study of its record will very soon show that these periods have been few and brief. From time to time we hear, too, that the Stage Society has outlived its purpose—a cry that was first raised as early as 1904. In my opinion there have been two moments in its history when the value of the Stage Society stood highest : at the time of its inauguration, because the London theatres then provided almost no nourishment for the intelligent playgoer, and at the present time, because it stands alone, or almost alone, as a body that chooses plays entirely for their merit and with no thought of selling them to a manager.

In order to appreciate fully the achievement of the Society it is necessary to remember how much the world has changed during this century, and

to notice how enterprisingly the Council has steered its course through the changes of thirty years. The history of the Society can be divided conveniently into five parts—to which, perhaps, I may add a footnote about its prospects.

II

The Ibsen-Shaw Stratum (1899-1903)

In 1899 the Forsytes, living snugly in the London squares, were enjoying their heyday. England had been at peace for a very long time, and the Forsytes assumed that the Victorian spirit would endure, like the Pyramids, forever. True, they had been ruffled by the Aesthetic Movement, but, after all, W. S. Gilbert and a few drawings in *Punch* had burst the bubble. Certain fanatics, no doubt, were advocating the freedom of women, the doctrines of Socialism, and even the importance of a headstrong and misguided dramatist named Ibsen. All this, however, would soon pass. Women would once again conform to the feminine ideal of Dickens, socialism would quickly be forgotten, and fortunately there was no chance that the censor would ever permit the public performance of a play by this fellow Ibsen.

Six persons, nevertheless, decided that there must be a fairly large number of people in London who wanted something better from the theatre than melodramas, flimsy plays of false sentiment and mildly salacious musical-comedies. Two of them (Janet Achurch and Charles Charrington) were professional players, and it was they, presumably, who would have to find other players who were ready to give up much time for practically no monetary reward. The other four were Walter Crane, Grant Richards, William Sharp and Frederick Whelen : of whom the last-named was destined to become an exceedingly hard-working Chairman.

In July, 1899—three months before the outbreak of the Boer War—they and about fifty other enthusiasts met at a house in Red Lion Square and founded the Stage Society. They realised, of course, that if they were to get actors they must produce their plays on Sundays. In 1899, however, it was obviously out of the question to think of securing a theatre on a Sunday evening. Accordingly, they decided “to meet in large studios.” Moreover, on the score of expense, they proposed to perform their plays “with costumes but without scenery.” The available studios, unfortunately, were not so “large” as they had expected ; and in considerable perturbation they jingled in their hansoms over a great part of London, hopefully inspecting picture-galleries, circuses and even skating-rinks. All these places were owned, it seems, by God-fearing men who frowned upon “the intellectual observance of the Sabbath” (to quote the phrase of an early chronicler—perhaps the redoubtable Mr. Whelen), and it was only when, to everybody’s surprise, the manager of the Royalty Theatre upset tradition and defied convention that “Jimmy” Welch was able to produce the Society’s first play, *You Never Can Tell*. The programme of this production is now worth £25.

During these first five years the Society produced many remarkable plays, but it specialised in Ibsen—who was then regarded as an emissary of the Evil One, a reckless breaker of homes and an immoralist who had set out to put wicked ideas into the heads of young women—and in Bernard Shaw who was not known at all as a playwright but only as a provocative journalist and as a political firebrand who would stop at nothing in his passion for irritating sensible folk. The plays of this period include four by Ibsen (*The League of Youth*, *Pillars of Society*, *The Lady from the Sea* and *When We Dead Awaken*), two by Hauptmann, one by that promising playwright Somerset Maugham (who remarked long afterwards that it had taken him ten years to live down the reputation of being a highbrow), one by Granville Barker, and five by Shaw. These latter were *You Never Can Tell* (1899), *Candida* (1900), *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (1900), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1902) and *The Admirable Bashville* (1903). So many managers fought shy of lending their theatres for the performance of *Mrs. Warren* that the Committee could find no home for the play until three days before the production.

The members were not afraid of grim fare, but they had also their moments of levity. For example, the programme of *Bashville* observes in small type that "members who wish to leave at the beginning of the performance"—the play was preceded by two others—"are requested to do so as unobtrusively as possible," and that "all demonstrations of displeasure should be reserved until the fall of the curtain." In those days, too, there were cakes and ale—in other words, there was an Annual Dinner; and it is worthy of record that at the Dinner in 1904 Mr. Shaw, whose plays had suddenly achieved their first popularity in the outside world, said, "I once countenanced the idea that there must be, lying in the desks of our eminent literary men, numbers of remarkable plays which would form an excellent drama if only they were brought forth. We very soon discovered that there were no such plays, absolutely none at all: and the result was that, having committed myself to the promise that there were such plays, I was myself compelled to write them." A little later in his speech he said, "I do not think that I should have had the courage [to replace the criticism of plays by the writing of them] if it had not been for the hope of a theatre in which my plays could be performed. . . . I have had my opportunities as a dramatist, and no longer have to write plays which must lie in the desk or lie in print."

By the end of 1903 a good deal of spade-work had been done. Ibsen was recognised by the influential few as a dramatist of outstanding merit; the dramatic work of Maeterlinck, Gorki, Hauptmann, Heijermans, Barker, Maugham and St. John Hankin had been introduced to London; and Bernard Shaw had begun his long career as a popular playwright.

The enthusiasm of the inaugurators was genuine enough, for they had to face difficulties which at that time nobody had ever faced or could estimate; and the enthusiasm of those first members was just as genuine but perhaps of a slightly different kind. I sometimes doubt whether they

were inspired solely by a passion for fine drama. I suspect that they were eager to assist at the obsequies of Victorianism ; that they wanted socialistic or feminist propaganda quite as much as they wanted beautiful or thoughtful plays ; and that they marched forth to a theatre on a Sunday evening with a combative delight in outraging the canons of their age.

III

From Brieux to Bennett (1904-1909)

The Society had rapidly become a success. It was a magnet—the only magnet—for all cultured playgoers. Most of the London “intellectuals” were joining it, and the performance of one of its plays was something of a social event. Its Council in 1905 was a strong team that included J. M. Barrie, Sidney Colvin, St John Hankin, Sydney Olivier, Nigel Playfair (librarian) and Bernard Shaw. Granville Barker, too, was working hard for the Society as a producer. It is surprising, therefore, to find that it did not become prosperous until 1906. After the Dinner in 1905 Mr. Shaw observed that

the health of the Stage Society, which you have drunk so enthusiastically, is, as usual, in a very precarious condition. I want to be particularly careful to say nothing which could create an opinion that we are a flourishing Society. It is not our business to flourish : our business is always to be a forlorn hope.

In 1906 the Society produced *Man and Superman* but another nine years, I believe, were to pass before Mr. Shaw's name reappeared upon its programme. Perhaps, having now become a West-End playwright, he feared that his work might cause the Society to flourish and, as a Frenchman once said to me of another matter, to “sit back and bloat.”

The Council, though deprived of Mr. Shaw's work, continued to give the members magnificent fare : producing, *inter alia*, plays by Tolstoy, Suderman, Hauptmann, Wedekind, Brieux, Yeats, Hankin, McEvoy, Barker and, at the close of this period, Arnold Bennett. Brieux, however, was now its idol, for it presented four of his diagrammatic plays within two years : a fact which suggests that the Society was still as much concerned with sociology as with dramatic art. The Council also still hugged its passion for Ibsen. In 1906 it produced *Lady Inger of Ostråt*, adding in the programme a disastrous defensive note to the effect that “the play will come as something of a disappointment : but to anyone who wishes to see from what humble beginnings that flawless technique sprang . . . the play cannot fail to be interesting.” To us, in view of the direction in which drama is now moving, it cannot fail to be interesting to observe that in 1906 one of the defects in *Lady Inger* about which the Council was particularly sensitive is the use in it of soliloquy. What would they have thought of *Strange Interlude* ?

They also stated, a little complacently, that they had not been able to find any British play that was worth producing ; a confession which roused one member to protest that it must have been possible to find a

better play than *Lady Inger*. Perhaps he was responsible for a veering toward home-made work. At least we find that in 1907 the Council has said good-bye to Ibsen, and at short intervals it now presented new works by Barker, McEvoy and Hankin. A year later it discovered two plays by the well-known novelist Arnold Bennett (*Cupid and Commonsense* and *What the Public Wants*), and in this way showed once more its old capacity for being first in the field.

IV

The Censor, Tchekov, and Rival Societies (1910-1914)

The Stage Society had awakened so much interest in the better kinds of drama that by the end of the Edwardian Age a number of similar organisations was springing up. Frohman gallantly tried to establish a Repertory Theatre in the West-End. Repertory Theatres were founded in Birmingham, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow and Liverpool. In London the Play-Actors, the Pioneer Players and other Sunday Societies had begun their work. In 1912 the New York Stage Society was formed. Many—perhaps most—of these bodies were extinguished long ago by the War or perished even earlier from lack of support. The Stage Society, with attractive quixotry, did all that it could to aid and to advertise them. After 1910 its own membership showed a gradual decline, and I suspect that as each rival Society was formed a number of people who had supported the parent organisation were lured away by interest in “the latest thing.”

The plays of this period to which a Baedeker of the drama might affix his star were perhaps *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya* (Tchekov), *Comtesse Mizzi* and *The Green Cockatoo* (Schnitzler) and *Elizabeth Cooper* (George Moore)—in which an actress named Edith Evans appeared (1913). John Masefield, too—fresh from the prodigious success of *The Everlasting Mercy*—contributed a neo-Shavian drama called *Pompey the Great*. Tradition says that *The Cherry Orchard*, produced in 1911, was too baffling even for the Stage Society audience. During the first act it became restive; during the second, we are told, it walked out. Eighteen years ago the delicate texture of Tchekov's work was mistaken for flimsiness and his naturalistic dialogue for aimless wandering. The Council, therefore, deserves the praise of posterity for their pluck in putting another of his plays (*Uncle Vanya*) before their audience.

Meanwhile, they had been agitating for the abolition of the censorship. Here again they showed a pleasing unworldliness, for we all know how rapidly an organisation can attract support if it is known to be a purveyor of forbidden fruit; and I incline to think that the Stage Society, like the Phoenix in after-years, may have lost some members by disappointing their expectation of seeing plays that had shocked the Censor. In 1911 the campaign against him was at its height. The Committee drew up a petition which was signed by sixty dramatists (among whom, somewhat oddly, we find Mr. H. G. Wells) and by a hundred other persons of

distinction. In due time the petition was laid before the King, but the triumphant announcement of this fact is the last reference to the matter which I can discover in the Society's archives.

Uncle Vanya was produced in the summer of 1914. Three months later, the world was at war. If the Council could have foreseen the length of the War they would probably have wound up the Society. By a stroke of fortune—or of remarkable acumen—they made an exciting discovery which kept the Society alive throughout the greatest difficulties which it had ever had to encounter.

V

The Old Masters (1915-1919)

At first, as most readers will remember, the War obliterated all other interests.

In 1915 two hundred members resigned from the Society. In the following year, however, when people had realised that they must settle down to a long period of war-conditions, it had a record accession of new members.

The Council, plainly, was in an experimental mood. In 1915 it produced *Wanderers*, the first of the series of plays by C. K. Munro which it was destined to sponsor and which have brought him the kind of recognition that an artist most values. In 1916 Miles Malleson, who twelve years later was to score a popular success with *The Fanatics*, already figured upon its programme with a play called *Youth*. In 1917 Mr. Shaw, who was somewhat under a cloud, returned to the fold with *Augustus Does His Bit*, and Masfield reappeared with *Good Friday*, a notable example of verse-drama. Soon afterwards the Council made the startling statement that "the encouragement of younger or unknown dramatists is another 'plank' in the Society's original scaffold which may now possibly be dispensed with." At least one member who heard this pronouncement felt an uneasy suspicion that the Society was beginning to fossilise; but his suspicion was due in part, perhaps, to the fact that for several years he had invited that "encouragement" in vain.

The Council may have decided to desert the young or unknown dramatist because it had made the exciting discovery to which I have referred: namely, that its audience was ready to welcome with enthusiasm a revival of old English plays. In 1915 they produced *The Recruiting Officer*; in 1916, *The Double Dealer*; in 1917, *Love for Love*; in 1918, *The Way of the World*; and in 1919, *The Provoked Wife*. The astonishing success of these old masterpieces led to the founding of the Phoenix Society—with an almost fatal result.

If we consider that during the war-years actors became increasingly scarce, that taste in the drama fell to a very low point and, not least, that the price of everything rose steadily, we must honour the undaunted spirit of those who not only enabled the Society to survive the war but also added new trophies to its record.

VI

Ancients versus Moderns (1920-1925)

The Council little realised what they had done when, in 1920, they started the Phoenix. The Phoenix was to produce Elizabethan and Restoration classics, while the older Society was to go back to its first function of displaying whatever was best in modern drama. The result was alarming. Many people (of whom, indeed, I was one) felt that they could not subscribe to both Societies and, being sure that at the Phoenix performances they would at least hear graceful or magnificent English, transferred their guineas to the new venture. In consequence of this landslide the Stage Society was soon in grave financial difficulties: and there is a tinge of irony both in the fact that the Phoenix, at its hour of greatest glory, gave a matinée on behalf of its progenitor and in the fact that two years later the Phoenix had expired while the Stage Society was still producing notable plays.

In 1919, reckless of the cost, it produced Herbert Trench's elaborate drama *Napoleon*. In 1920, as if to show yet again that it was truly the advance-guard of the English theatre, it presented *From Morn to Midnight* by Georg Kaiser—the first post-war German play to be seen in London: and, not satisfied with this, proceeded (with *Six Characters in Search of an Author*) to begin the English vogue of Pirandello. At this time, too, it staged the more massive works of C. K. Munro. Indeed, the season of 1923-1924 put forward a programme of so high a quality that it should have silenced anyone who was minded to prate of its decadence. The plays chosen were *Progress* (Munro), *Masses and Men* (Toller), *The Pleasure Garden* (Beatrice Mayor), and the first expressionist play to be seen in London—*The Adding Machine* (Elmer Rice). In 1925 it followed these by *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, that delicate literary play which subsequently achieved a popular success which nobody could possibly have expected.

VII

Recent History (1926-1929) and the Future

It is not necessary to say much of the Society's work during the last four years because it will be fresh in memory. In 1926 the Three Hundred Club, which had been started by Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth expressly for the production of meritorious new British works, amalgamated with the Stage Society. Mrs. Whitworth was responsible for producing two plays by D. H. Lawrence and also *Young Woodley*. The Stage Society in the meanwhile had presented *Exiles* (James Joyce), *The Mountain* (Munro), *The Great God Brown* (Eugene O'Neill)—an interesting experiment in O'Neill's later manner—and, at the beginning of this year, the record-breaking war-play, *Journey's End*.

The Society has produced a hundred and thirty-three plays. The names, British and foreign, that glitter among the lines of this survey will have

shown the reader that it has missed the work of very few important playwrights and that it has a record, from Shaw to Sherriff, that does more than anything to redeem the credit of our theatre in the eyes of Europe. That indeed—and the fact that everyone who is engaged in its conduct works disinterestedly—is why, at a critical moment in its long history, I accepted an invitation to become its chairman. There are three chief difficulties which the Society has now to face. The first is the existence of many rivals; the second is the week-end habit which the manufacture of small cars has extended so greatly; and the third is that if we produce plays which are afterwards transferred to the ordinary theatre the members complain that it is not necessary to join the Stage Society, and that if we do not they feel that we have been less successful than some of our competitors who perhaps have the sale of plays as their principal object: a dilemma from which there is obviously no escape.

For my part I shall recommend the Council to disregard popular success as completely as it did in those early days when no one expected a Stage Society play to be bought: but it is clear that to pursue this bold and idealistic policy might prove fatal if those who care for the best in drama do not support the Society as an uncommercial oasis in a theatrical world which is inevitably becoming more and more commercial. A close observer of our theatre will have detected already that a great many plays are now planned with a view to selling the valuable “talkie” rights. I cannot see how any judicious person can suppose that the “talkies” will ruin the real theatre. On the contrary, I believe that, just as the silent films prevented the Edwardian theatre from wasting itself upon mere spectacle, the “talkies” will only draw away from the theatre its less intelligent supporters and “ruin” the less admirable of its managers. In the meanwhile the Stage Society remains what it has been from the first—a centre for those who have at heart the good fame of our theatre and who have an appetite for intellectual or sensitive plays.

We want more members, more money and more enthusiasm; and in our effort to obtain them we have met with two obstacles. The first is the old notion that the Society has outlived its purpose. This could only be true if West-End managers were continually launching plays of fine and original quality. The fact is that they dare not experiment because their expenses are so high. If there is room for any Sunday Society, there is obviously room for the best of them; and I, for one, never had any doubt that the Stage Society came easily first. The second of my obstacles may be illustrated by saying that the other day a gentleman congratulated me upon “having at last thrown open the Stage Society to everybody” and that innumerable people have asked me “if it is very difficult to become members.” Anyone who applies to the Hon. Secretary (Crown House, 143 Regent Street) for particulars will find that there is no difficulty at all. It is as easy as dining in Soho.

THE HUMANISED ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

By CLENNELL WILKINSON

THE Fourteenth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been produced under extraordinary difficulties—some of them inherent in the whole business of encyclopædia-making, some of them peculiar to itself.

The sum of human knowledge (though not of sense) increases steadily ; we are always learning new facts, though we may be further than ever from the truth ; and the result is that every new compilation of this character—every new *Who's Who*, every new telephone directory, every new cookery book—is more difficult to edit than the last. Information must be squeezed and hammered in, like cotton into a bale, if the size is to be kept within reasonable dimensions. For the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, be it remembered, is intended as a practical work of reference, a sort of intellectual *Enquire Within Upon Everything*, and not simply as a vast compendium of knowledge. It is intended to be *used*. The question of size and general handiness is therefore vital. There comes a point when the cookery book takes up more room than it is worth in your kitchen ; and when it is almost as much trouble to hunt up what you want in a bloated encyclopædia as to put on your hat and walk round to the library. As the present editor puts it, in the course of some very sensible remarks in his preface : “ In practice it has been discovered that, beyond a certain point, usefulness for frequent reference diminishes as the stretch of volumes extends.” And he suggests—and I dare say he is right—that twenty-four volumes, which is the size of the present edition, marks just about the limit of the ordinary man's endurance in this respect.

It is extraordinary that this “ discovery ” of Mr. Garvin's should have been delayed until now, but a glance at the history of encyclopædias certainly seems to justify him in claiming it for his own—or, at any rate, for his own generation. None of the earlier encyclopædists, though their range was often limited by their being tied down to certain subjects, approached their task from this point of view. It never occurred to them that they must be brief in order to be complete—indeed they were under no such necessity. They just went straight ahead, collecting and printing every scrap of information they could, stretching out vaguely towards that condition of perfect knowledge and perfect wisdom, which did not seem nearly so impossible to them as it does to us, who know more. It is amusing to begin our test of this present work by turning up the word “ encyclopædia.” We find a brief, businesslike article (unsigned), very sound, very much to the point. Encyclopædias of other dates and other nations are

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. Fourteenth Edition. A New Survey of Universal knowledge in Twenty-four Volumes. 8o, Regent Street, W.1. £27 16s. 6d.

carefully recorded, including Diderot's famous *Encyclopédie*, which must have been one of the most irritatingly unpractical books of reference ever written, as Voltaire and other contemporary Frenchmen did not hesitate to say. It was "built half of marble and half of wood"; there was "some good stuff in it, but too many rags"—which is just what an encyclopædia ought not to be. It is one of the ironies of literary history that in those happy far-off days, when there was still some chance of packing a reasonably full summary of all human knowledge into a dozen or so handy volumes, no one made any serious attempt to do it, but editors preferred to spread themselves on subjects they understood and let the others go.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we learn without surprise, was born in Scotland. Founded by "a society of gentlemen" there, it was first published in weekly parts, beginning in the year 1768; and on completion in 1771, these parts were bound together, when they filled only three quarto volumes! But after that it swelled rapidly. The second edition (1784) consisted of ten volumes, the third (1797) of eighteen—and so on, each edition longer than the last, with supplementary volumes added, and the editors all the time taking a most unnatural, uneditorial kind of pride in the mere size of the monster they had created. Finally we come to the deservedly famous ninth edition, of 1875 (and after), a very monument of learning in the strictly literal sense. Beginning with a mere twenty-four volumes, as a sort of *hors d'œuvres*, it continued producing supplementaries right up to the year 1903, bulging and bulging all the time, until no ordinary bookshelf would hold it and the expense of transporting it from one place to another became a considerable item in calculating its cost. From the point of view of scholarship it was easily the best edition up-to-date; from every other point of view it was the worst. The volumes, looked at to-day, are so unwieldy that, in spite of the binder's best efforts, they fall to pieces if you use them much; the weight is incredible, the general appearance damping to the soul. It seems absurd to try and look up "Herrick," for instance, or "Dancing," in a work like this; and I imagine that many wives, whose husbands really needed the encyclopædia, refused firmly to live in the same house with the thing unless it was kept in the box-room. However, there it is—an object of admiration if not of love. It represents the climax of the movement we have been discussing—the movement towards mere size and exhaustiveness.

The next edition, that of 1910, sounded the first note of dissent. The character of the articles was not radically altered, but an attempt was made to bring the work down to a manageable size by printing it on thin India paper. Twenty-nine surprisingly slim and attractive-looking volumes were the result. It is an important point that they were all published at the same time, so that it was hoped to avoid supplementary volumes altogether. But the Great War intervened and we got six more (forming the twelfth and thirteenth editions). That brings us to the present fourteenth edition and the first real attempt at literary compression. The volumes appear bulky compared with their immediate predecessors, but that is

because thicker paper has been employed—and the India paper, whatever else may be said for it, was not convenient for constant use. In many ways space has been saved. For instance, the text has been brought closer to the margins—too close, in fact, for comeliness. But the most important point, and the only one I wish to emphasise for the moment, is that the number of words has been reduced. It is estimated that there are about thirty-five million words in the present edition, as compared with forty-two million in the last. That is a great reform. And now that we have at last turned the corner, perhaps it is not too much to hope that future editors may follow Mr. Garvin's lead and take a pride rather in reducing the number of words than in increasing them. If so the fourteenth edition will be a landmark in the history of encyclopædias, though itself not a noticeably "handy" book.

After all, there is always plenty to cut away—if only because our sense of "values" alters so rapidly. In the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the two longest articles were on "Surgery" and "Anatomy." In the fourteenth edition we get no less than thirty-three columns of elaborately illustrated letter-press under the heading "Motion Pictures"; while "Anatomy" must be content with thirteen columns (and a single page of "close-ups") and "Surgery" with a pictureless six. No, Mr. Garvin's successors will find no difficulty, once they take up the pruning knife. But they should never forget to raise their hats to him, as the man who first established the principle.

So much for the important question of space. But there was another major difficulty in the case of the fourteenth edition, one peculiar to itself, one which no previous editor had encountered. It was that half the articles were to be written in this country and half in America. Now, it is a question whether it is really possible for two nations, living in different hemispheres, to combine to produce an entirely satisfactory and homogeneous encyclopædia. There is, of course, the bridge of a common language, but the Atlantic is a broad sea to bridge with anything. To understand the difficulty we have only to imagine two authors attempting to collaborate in similar circumstances. Moreover, as we all know very well, there is some slight difference in language and in mental outlook. It is a difference so grossly exaggerated in English comic papers and in American political oratory that we are apt to deny its existence. But no one, with the best will in the world, could maintain that denial after glancing through these volumes—the work mainly of scholars. In the case of the longer articles, each from a single pen, it is almost always possible to say, without looking at the signatures, which country they were written in. In the case of the articles which have been divided into two parts, one written from the British and the other from the American "angle,"—a method frequently adopted—the disadvantages of dual authorship are even more obvious. Sometimes the transition is accomplished with an almost dislocating jerk; sometimes the result is needless repetition. Take, for example, the article on "Advertising." Here, by international arrangement,

the British have, rather surprisingly, been allowed first innings—surprisingly, because in advertising we are but feeble imitators of American methods. There is really not much to be said on this subject, and the British writers said it ; with the result that the transatlantic expert—who must feel his position acutely—can do little more than repeat their remarks in slightly different language. That the “ Diesel Engine ” should get twice as much space as “ Dante ” is, no doubt, well in keeping with the tendencies of modern thought on both sides of the Atlantic, and the *Encyclopædia* must “ march with the times ” (though it may be remarked that the engine probably will not last quite as well as the poet, and that here again Mr. Garvin’s successor may find an opportunity for a useful “ cut.”). But that Mrs. Eddy should get over a page and Cleopatra only a short paragraph is mere provincial prejudice. No one can doubt which is the more interesting figure even to-day. There are three plates illustrating the town of Pittsburg, and only two of Paris. Waxahachie, a town in Texas, of 8,000 inhabitants, gets quite a considerable paragraph—longer than the one allotted to “ Bushrangers,” a really interesting subject, which should have been dealt with at length. I always supposed that English artists excelled in water-colours, but most of the water-colour work illustrated here is by Americans, who also get the only colour-plate.

In fact the Art Editor is an American, and enthusiastic. Many of the articles in his department are excellent, notably that on architecture, by the American designer of Bush House, Kingsway (when are they going to put that tower on top ?). But he himself suffers from a personal weakness—a passion for lampshades. Consequently he follows up a perfectly adequate though brief account of ancient lamps, by Mr. A. S. Murray and others, with an article of enormous length, contributed by himself, on modern lamps and lampshades, in which he not only says everything that could possibly be thought of to say about lampshades, but gives pages of photographs showing in detail how an ordinary lampshade should be made ; and in order that we may miss nothing of the importance of the subject he adds some of the finest colour-plates (of lampshades), in a work which will long be remembered for its beautiful colour printing, if for nothing else. Lampshades are a pleasant enough hobby ; but the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is not the place for hobbies. In the same way the article on “ Prohibition ” runs to twelve wearisome columns ; “ Wine ” gets only ten. The British Museum is referred to as “ The British Museum, London, Eng.” In the volume devoted to maps about one map in every three is of some part of the United States. Finally there are certain errors of taste, which might not be so noticeable in a purely American encyclopædia. The names of firms whose products are used for purposes of illustrations are freely given, for instance, in the article on “ Silversmiths’ and Goldsmiths’ Work.” (When you come to think of it, why on earth should this particular article have been given to America at all ?). And “ mercurochrome,” which is apparently a trade name for some chemical preparation, gets a signed article all to itself. This kind of thing should be

watched for, wherever the *Encyclopædia* is compiled and printed. In the meantime there is more scope here for some future blue pencil.

But I have done with grumbling. One might go on picking holes like this for ever. The really important point is that the change was inevitable. Shortly after the middle of the nineteenth century, says Mr. Garvin in his preface, the English readers of the *Encyclopædia* overseas became more numerous than those living in the old islands. Now there are nearly three readers in America for every one here. The reasons are partly financial and partly psychological. All classes of Americans have what may be called the reference book mind. In that wideawake country, the most ignorant people are anxious, if only for conversational purposes, to acquire some rough acquaintance with subjects which they are told are important—even if they can never hope to understand them properly. They do not ignore or sneer at everything outside their own mental vision, as is our invariable custom here. They like to see a book like the *Encyclopædia* in their shelves. They may not get much time for reading it ; but it creates an atmosphere, lends an air of culture to the home ; and after all they can afford it. In no other country in the world except America will you find that happy combination of intellectual curiosity and surplus cash. No encyclopædia, conceived on such a scale as this one, can live without America. America pays the piper, and not unreasonably demands the right to call every alternate tune. The process of Americanisation cannot stop where it is. The Editor may continue to be an Englishman, in deference to the title of the work ; but by the time that nine out of every ten readers are Americans, we must presume that, say, five-sixths of the letterpress will be written over there, and from their “angle.”

Why regret it ? Why not admit frankly that the old *Encyclopædia*, as regards all its more important and learned contributions, was becoming intolerably long-winded and dull ? No one but experts made any frequent use of it, because no one but experts could understand its expert language. The fourteenth edition, on the other hand, because it had to be Americanised, had also to be “humanised”—to quote from its advertisements—in order to meet the requirements of the new kind of reader. And “humanised” in a very large proportion of the work—and that not the least scholarly—has simply meant plain English, and a merciful brevity, and a few explanatory words now and then to help the ordinary reader over some style.

To appreciate the full extent of this change, the reader should turn to the subjects he understands least. I, therefore, select the physical and biological sciences. It is a good choice—apart from my personal ignorance—because all the articles here are new, specially written for the fourteenth edition. I have carefully read Sir J. H. Jeans on cosmogony, Professor J. Arthur Thompson on biology in general, Dr. J. B. S. Haldane on heredity, Dr. Fairfield Osborn (of the American Natural History Museum) on mammalian palæontology, Mr. W. T. Saxton on gymnosperms (I never heard of them before), Sir William Willcox (of the Home Office) on

poisons, and many more ; and in every case they have seemed to an ignorant reader not only understandable but readable. The physics section has been edited by Professor Andrade, and he at any rate has had to make no effort to accommodate himself to the new spirit, for he has never yet succeeded in being either obscure or dull. As the fiction-reviewers say, he makes the atom " live for us." The list of contributors to the scientific side of this encyclopædia is a powerful one—indeed the most powerful ever brought together. We should admire even if we could not understand—even if we had made no effort to appreciate the great work they have done.

In other branches of knowledge the changes have been less revolutionary ; because there has been less need for a modification in style, and because there are fewer new facts to record. After being whirled through Mr. Garvin's brilliant, breathless preface, with its ruthless assertion of changes, changes every day in this headlong kaleidoscope of a world, and after feebly blinking at the brand new universe presented to us by science since the appearance of the last edition, it is a comfort to drift into the quiet backwaters of history and literature, where there may be a flutter on the surface occasionally—Mr. Humbert Wolfe acclaiming the Sitwells, perhaps—but no tidal wave, no Einstein theory. Here are many celebrated essays retained from earlier editions. Lord Macaulay's " Bunyan " and " Goldsmith " stand untouched. His " Pitt " has gone—deservedly ; and his " Samuel Johnson " has modern additions. Andrew Lang's " Apparitions " and " Second Sight " still fill the bill, but others of his essays have required some further note. Swinburne's articles on Beaumont and Fletcher, Christopher Marlowe and Mary Queen of Scots, are still there—and long may he reign—though in each case he is marked in the index as the author " in part," which simply means that modern scholarship has had a word or two further to say. It is difficult to see why these time-honoured contributions should ever be thrown out altogether.

In connection with these famous contributions by some of the greatest names in literature, a simple, practical point, a mere matter of editing, springs to the eye. Why not sign in full ? Why persist with this out-of-date, affected, mock-modest practice of initials ? Why put your reader to the trouble of turning back to the index of authors every time, to discover the writer's name ? There may be some sense in the half-disguise of initials in a newspaper or a weekly review. But when the authors' names are carefully listed at the beginning of each volume, with a note of the initials they will use, all disguise disappears, and there ceases to be any meaning in not using full names.

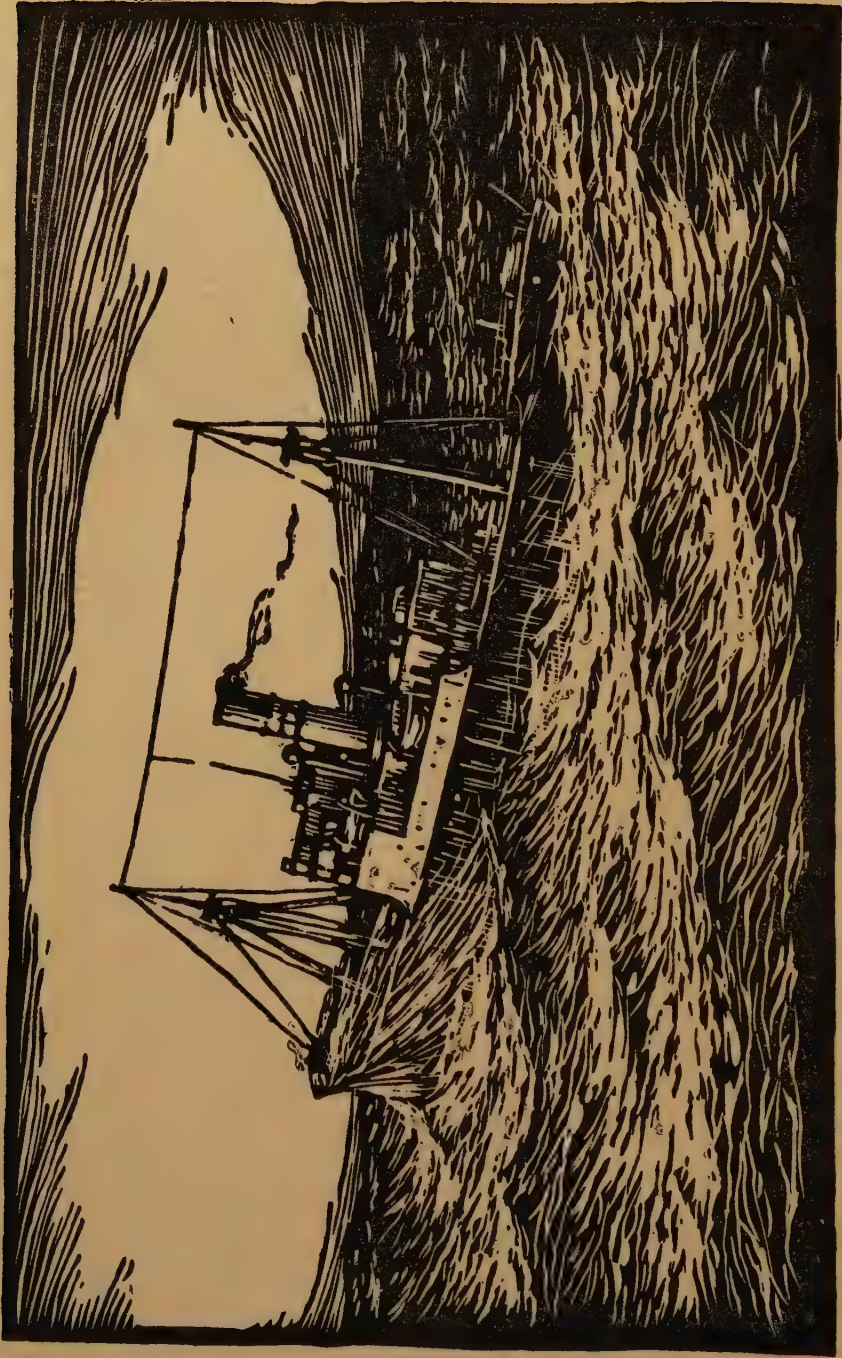
The history is not quite so satisfactory as the literature. It has got mixed up with politics and is consequently heavily over-balanced on the modern, and even post-War, end. There are, for instance, three separate articles on " War Guilt," by writers of three separate nationalities—I suppose that was inevitable—another on the League of Nations, another on the Permanent Court of International Justice, and others on " Disarmament," " The Outlawry of War " and kindred topics—altogether a dozen articles

or more on this purely modern and probably ephemeral flutter in the peace dove-cotes ; whereas subjects like the Renaissance and the Reformation get only one article each. It is a characteristic of this, as of every other age, to suppose that there never has been, nor can be, a war like our Great War, nor a peace like the one we are about to make. There will be some heavy cutting here in future editions. Military history suffers in the same way. There is only one article by Sir John Fortescue ; and Colonel T. E. Lawrence's " Guerilla Warfare," though admirably written as might have been expected, is confined entirely to the Arab campaigns of 1915-18 and therefore gives a hopelessly one-sided account of the matter. The climax of all warfare is to be found in this war, we are given to understand. Captain Liddell Hart, the Associate Military Editor, has explained elsewhere that he has discovered a new theory of his own about strategy in consequence of his labours for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is a plausible theory, and he defends it stoutly (he has even written a book about it) but he does not seem to have won many converts yet. The biography in general is beyond reproach—though here again certain modern personalities seem to get more space than they deserve, and there was no need to call in a Frenchman to do " Danton ", even though that Frenchman be M. Herriot. " Sport " is excellent. It was originally in the hands of the late Sir Theodore Cook, and much of it is written by members of the staff of the *Field*. But it is carrying the expert idea too far to allow Gene Tunney to write on boxing and Miss Helen Wills on lawn tennis. There is a good article on greyhound racing. I have said a word about art. Politics and law I have no space for. There is an excellent article on " Dress," and another on the " Dance," in which too much space is given to modern gambollings—the Castle Walk, for instance. It is a fault in an encyclopædia to try to be too topical. This one will " date " more quickly than any of its predecessors. Food is dealt with adequately, if at all. (Are bananas more important than band spectrums ? I had always thought so ; but they get less space), and in general a vast number of subjects are touched upon and a vast amount of information conveyed with a minimum of fuss and pomposity.

The appearance of this fourteenth edition, as already indicated, is not particularly distinguished. The cover is unimpressive, and the type nothing out of the way. But it has one strong point which I have not sufficiently emphasised—its illustrations. The colour printing is wonderful—a delight to the eye. Nothing so good could have been produced in England. Indeed the whole idea of a " picturized " encyclopædia—as the advertisements have it—may be said to have been carried almost without a dissentient voice. It is a vast relief to the eye as one turns the pages, and the pictures if not always of much practical assistance are at any rate always ornamental. Some of the line drawings in the text have got out of place ; for instance an article on " The Pauper " is illustrated by a sketch of a particularly evil-looking microbe ! The old *Britannica* made no such mistakes as that. But on the whole the illustrations are a triumph—thoroughly in keeping with the new spirit of this enterprise, and at the

same time good enough to please the most critical. There are many cases—for instance in the articles dealing with engineering and architecture—where they are quite invaluable to the ordinary reader. And if I have seemed to give less than due credit to the “humanizing” process in general, I would instance this “picturizing” as a change which is all for the better and has undoubtedly “come to stay.” Among the best illustrations are those in the article on “Painting” and in that otherwise rather unfortunate disquisition on lampshades. They lend an air of brightness, almost of gaiety, to what was once one of the most formidable and forbidding-looking of books. They tempt you to begin to read here and there, and once you do that with this new encyclopædia it is not easy to stop. That, to put it shortly, is the great distinction of the fourteenth edition—it will be read by all sorts of people, both in England and America, and will undoubtedly do more for the cause of education and culture than all the previous editions put together. Which is no small achievement, when all is said and done. Mr. Garvin must be congratulated heartily on a very great work.

I have found only one serious printer’s error. Mr. E. G. Boulenger’s name is spelt wrongly every time.



NORTH ATLANTIC: WINTER
Woodcut by F. B. HARNACK

CHAMBER MUSIC*

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

RICHARD WALTHER once called Chamber Music "the music of friends," and Mr. Cobbett has managed to put its friendliness above all its other qualities. The whole feeling of his cyclopædia is personal, and therefore disarming. For whatever he said, so long as it was said in this simple, enthusiastic manner, would deceive one who believed him. In the first volume of his great work, however, there is no necessity for deceit. Mr. Cobbett has contrived to pin down the most delicate of all the arts without knocking or frightening it, and the result is a chamber-cyclopædia, the sort of book one can keep by the bed-side, never arid or skimpy and always tumbling into a good story or into a point of reminiscence which brings something charming and forgotten to the mind.

I have never found a work of learning so easy to read, or which so well combined sprightliness with dignity of conception. Nothing has been left out. Indeed, too much has sometimes been put in; as, for instance, in the articles on American Chamber Music, most of which music is so bad that the space given it might better have been given to Handel or to some of the early English composers such as Arne, who are almost wholly neglected. Apart from such trivial questions of proportion, there is very little fault to find with the intention or execution of the book, and, as rhapsody is both easy and tiresome, we must consider the principal articles of the book separately.

The first long article is Mr. Evans's *Atonality and Polytonality* which can be discussed together with his remarks on Alois Haba and Joseph Hauer, later in the book. The whole question of the break-up of tonality into various forms is the chief question in music, as it has always been, although we are still too hot with revolution, too deeply bound in by fresh experiments, to come to any conclusion about the present or the future value of the directions in which tonality is breaking at this time. Furthermore, conclusions are much hampered by a clogging verbiage which stifles the understanding wherever music is discussed. The extensions of harmony and the variations of line which at first sight seem so confusing and arbitrary are really exceedingly simple, and the inevitable outcome of a meeting of two forces—reaction from the romantic intricacies of the last century and the necessary discovery of new scales and intervals, of which the subdivision of the semitone is the basis. The result of this meeting, so far, has been to complicate the tools, but to simplify the work. The gigantic scores of Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakov are no longer confected or wanted, and the "advanced" composer, dazzled by the brilliance of his opportunities, uses means of the greatest difficulty and elaboration to a minute and

* Cobbett's *Cyclopædic Survey of Chamber Music*. Compiled and Edited by W. W. Cobbett. Oxford University Press. Vol. I A—H. 105s. Second volume to follow.

tentative end. Once a co-ordinating mind has appeared strong enough to apply the possibilities of this extended art to an imaginative conception worthy of it, music as we hear it to-day will seem as remote and curious as the Greek hymns. A new art will come into being, laden with immeasurable difficulties for the artist, for since the centre of art is really at its limits, in the sense that art is possible only when it is hampered and confined, the extension of these limits is certain to make a heavy burden on the artistic conscience.

A discouraging development of the new direction in music is that theory now goes ahead of practice, leading one to suspect that inspiration is beginning to derive a little too much from mathematics, or at least to lose a sense of historical perspective. For logically Atonality can be fitted into ordinary musical law without too much quibbling :

On the other side—that of modulation—its ancestry is at least equally ancient . . . the line reaches back to the moment when the adoption of the tempered scale made flowing modulation possible between non-related keys. Even before that it was a possibility to be considered theoretically, for in the transition between two related keys it is logical to imagine an intervening point at which they neutralize each other, and that point is harmonically atonal, though it may be, and often is, contrapuntally bitonal. But when a neutral chord was interposed in the progression from one tonality to the other, atonality came into actual existence, and its expansion was only a matter of time, just as the first sanctioned use of an interrupted cadence opened the door to compositions which are in essence a cadence held up by an interruption which embraces their entire length. In that sense all modulation, and with it atonality, derives ultimately from the dominant seventh and its variants.

It is hardly possible to read a paragraph such as this without breaking into a digression on the real value of musical criticism, or at least of such an elaborate analysis of musical practice. The earnest student in music may get a keen pleasure from seeing the notes quivering and raw after dissection, but the ordinary music-lover may equally well be disgusted at the spectacle. Study is so absorptive a thing that it very soon sucks the imagination dry ; and once the imagination is sick, there is no faculty to tell the brain when it is running out of control. Writing about music seems, somehow, to sicken the imagination most unfortunately, until musical theorists no longer dare admit that the whole of their trade is very much simpler than they choose to make it. The composition of music, unlike the other arts, is almost wholly instinctive, and therefore, apart from the broad and obvious laws and the limits of possibility accepted in each age, almost wholly impossible to dogmatise about. Criticism can neither help nor hinder what it does not control, and over music there can be no control. And there is something sad in the conception of generations of critics announcing that such and such a thing has lately happened, and drawing such deductions as any interested person can discover for himself.

To the listener, of course, all this is quite unimportant. He can enjoy a Bax quintet without a thought of the dominant seventh, or listen to Hauer's peculiar musical patterns without a care that the twelve notes of the

ordinary chromatic scale can be arranged in 479,001,600 possible "Melos" formations, divided into groups of tropes. Even to the theoretician, music is very much simpler than he wants to admit. The difficulties of musical theory have nearly all been imposed upon a plain, obvious background by generations of pedants who have to shroud an art in impressive coatings of mental dust before they recognise its dignity. Still, it is an interesting game, very well played by Mr. Evans, who is on the whole optimistic about the future. He gives a good deal of space to the Moravian, Alois Haba, who may be taken as a fair example of the progressive polytonal composer. At the age of thirty-six, he shows more signs than anyone else of being able to cope with his material, which is sadly overburdened by scales of eighteen, thirty-six, and seventy-two degrees. Apart from its diffuseness, however, his music is not difficult to listen to, and should be performed more frequently in England. Haba, however, in common with so many others of late, has attempted to combine theory with practice. That is to say that probably (for he is a young man) he first contrived the theory and then attempted to compose to its order. This is invariably fatal. Busoni was ruined as a composer by his great theoretical work, Haba is likely to be ruined by his *Neue Harmonielehre des Diatonischen, Chromatischen, Viertel-, Drittel-, Sechstel-, und Zwölftel-Tonsystems*.

The Bach family have been rather lightly dismissed in the Cyclopædia, and I have a feeling, so personal is the book, that Mr. Cobbett much prefers Beethoven and the Romantics. Nevertheless, J. S. Bach reached a lightness of touch in his chamber-music, more especially in the flute sonatas, which is a kindly relief after his greater works. Anything which can help to humanise that vast, impersonal figure, dimly seen against a background of wig and organ, should be emphasized when writing of him, and a clearer perspective might have been given of the Bach tradition which became so strangely altered in the skittish grace of Carl Philipp Emanuel during the next generation.

The principal article in the book is evidently intended to be M. d'Indy's on Beethoven, but there is more spirit in Mr. Cobbett's postscript to it. M. d'Indy revives the question of Beethoven's indebtedness to Rust. It always seems to me improbable that Beethoven can have drawn much from Rust's mechanical sonatas. The resemblances, even in the sixth quartet, to Rust are purely superficial, and in no way justify M. d'Indy in saying that "the Beethoven of the first manner borrowed from C. P. E. Bach his style and mode of writing, from W. Rust his creative thought, and from Haydn his faultless construction." The rest of the article is a business-like, sensible account of the later quartets and sonatas. Only in the quartets does Beethoven reach those heights of emotion which his worshippers seem to see in all his works. The form of the quartet seems somehow to have been specially suitable to him: its more or less static possibilities do not show, by contrast with what those possibilities would have been nowadays, the inadequacy of the means at his disposal, which inadequacy is so fatal to his symphonies and to large tracts of the piano sonatas.

No one has been more unlucky than Beethoven in the period of his life. With no other resources than those of C. P. E. Bach and Haydn, he had an imagination which would have confounded and mocked at any resources. Had he been born to-day he might have been able to pull together the failing strings of the old music and to bring to its senses the irresolute strivings of the new. Had he been born a little earlier, he might have been content to aspire to milder expressions. As it is, under the internal pressure of his mind, the poor framework of music is bent and cracked : the instrument is not capable of what he asks from it. In some of the quartets, however, especially in those of the middle period, he manages to bring the divergent and wayward qualities of thought and expression almost exactly together : the content is never too large for the vehicle of music, so that he reaches the same perfect marriage of art as Haydn and Mozart, only on a higher plane, since both the thought and the expression are more complex.

In an article by R. Sondheiner, Boccherini is at last given his due :

Boccherini is the first great perfecter in modern music. Everything for which his predecessors worked, singly and laboriously, was garnered and absorbed by him. Sammartini's beginning, Stamitz's radicalism, Pugnani's tentative efforts, and Beck's inspirations—all these had their experimental value for Boccherini, and the achievements of all these hot-bloods of the new art are at last justified and brought to fulfilment in his music. In his hands, the new style yields up its most secret properties and possibilities. . . . No longer is the structure filled with coarse substances and dynamic contrasts. A technique of the utmost flexibility and virtuosity now informs the material, and it is in this connexion that Boccherini may be considered the first to have definitely fixed the style of modern chamber music.

This unfortunate composer has always been under a cloud. In his own time he was thought turgid and difficult. Junker, writing in 1776, talks of the darkness, the indistinctness of his work. Later, he was dismissed as a prattling, frivolous technician, an exercise-man without emotional value or force. His reputation in our own times has not been helped by the over-playing of an *Allegro giusto* from his op. 39 no. 1., and of an *Allegretto* ruined by Kreisler. Everything else is neglected, yet a casual glance at any of his better quartets, or at his trios, shows that he was anything but a trifler. At his best he had a power of working up to a climax as striking as Rossini, as well as that gift of melody and sense of line which never deserts an Italian composer.

The article on Borodin is agreeable if only because it shows the ideal chamber-music figure—an amateur of engaging temperament, recreating his personality in music and his intellect in chemistry (for frankly intellect plays exceedingly little part in his works), happy among his friends and full of a spontaneity which never becomes a flow of easy notes and unsubtle ideas.

Mr. Donald Tovey writes well on Brahms, for whose chamber-music he is pleasantly enthusiastic, and Professor Dent writes on *Chamber Music*

from the historical point of view. But one of the most charming sections of the book is Mr. Cobbett's few pages on *Chamber Music Life* :

Let us be frank and admit that Whistler's theories were not altogether wrong, that *over*-insistence on the ethical and literary basis of art may tend to insipidity and sentimentality, that independence of thought and action are the forces that count : in short, that self-expression is the constant aim of the artist. It is certainly the aim of the modest amateur executant. Be his technical resources ever so slight, his admiration for the greatest exponents of the art and his desire to hear their superb performances on concert platforms ever so great, his main desire is to *play himself* as competently as his limitations will allow. It is playing which has the first hold and the first possession of his mind. Whilst listening is a glorious feature of the chamber music life, especially in early days when acquaintance is first made with master works, playing is the main preoccupation of the executant. . . . It is destructive to the musical sense to attend too many concerts. One becomes *blasé* and that is the end of all things.

It says a great deal for the constant practice of music that at the age of over eighty, Mr. Cobbett is able to write so enthusiastically, and to keep so fresh and open a mind for any new developments of his art, however complicated and, at first sight, unsympathetic they may be.

There is nothing very much to be said about M. d'Indy's pages on Franck, or Mr. Donald Tovey's on Haydn, but right at the end of the book is an odd little account of Humour in Chamber Music which is interesting in showing the very special kind of joke which in time grows on all musicians. Johann Schenk's *Oddities of the Gout* for viola da gamba and bass may be all very well, but Gregorius Werner's *Election of the Village Judge* calls up a very laughterless type of humour. Indeed, almost all musical humour, even of a literary kind, seems to belong to the obscure and remote jollity which one finds in the *Spirit of the Public Journals for 1834*, and similar volumes.

Any of the longer articles in the book could be discussed at considerable length, but the expectation of a second volume makes it impossible to do more than refer shortly to what is already in print. With the common perversity of the human mind, I have found that everything of interest in music begins with the letter J, and onwards, and is therefore inaccessible until November at the earliest. Between A and H, however, very little is omitted, though I could have wished some more details of eighteenth-century English composers. Frederick the Great, I notice, is not mentioned. He might make a nucleus for some amusing anecdotes, surely, and there is even a simple charm in some of his compositions.

But the atmosphere which divides the *Cyclopædia of Chamber Music* from other cyclopædias has nothing to do with the marshalling of facts. Mr. Cobbett's claim to fame rests on the ease with which his book finds its way to the table beside one's bed. Even its shape is convenient for reading in bed, and the print, though small, is perfectly legible. In such a book, charm of presentation is essential, and Mr. Cobbett has been successful in pervading his work with a personal charm which sugars the dryness of fact without taking away from its authority.

I do not very much mind that in 1836 Heinrich Götze, German composer, was born, that in 1906 he died, leaving a Trio, pf, v, vc, c.m. op. 25., B & H., 1883. Herr Götze's Trio will be dead on the page to me for ever, but behind and around him are a variety of monuments, enclosed by Mr. Cobbett in this comfortable book, which are very much alive. There is authority laid down in an agreeable manner by Vincent d'Indy, Edwin Evans, Donald Tovey and a great many others, and there is everywhere the charm of half-a-dozen friends in a room, taking beauty out of a new quartet, freshening the loveliness of music and friendship. On the same page with Herr Götze's name, you can read how Mozart wrote of Gossec as *mein sehr guter Freund und sehr trockenen Mann*, or on another page, of the first playing of Franck's violin sonata, in a gathering Brussels evening, when the audience refused to leave the room and the players had to finish their work, at first outlined against a falling light, then a pair of shadows, then a sound only, until there was no other illumination in the complete darkness than their music creeping among the tense, quiet crowd. But one of the pictures you will not find in the book is of a large drawing-room, low and amiable behind high yellow curtains, with a party of yellow chairs round the fire and a quartet of music stands by the window. On the piano lies a Guarneri del Gesù, and through the door is a sound of voices as, warm with the certainty of a pleasant evening, Mr. Cobbett and his friends discuss whether it shall be the Borodin in D or an early Beethoven.



HOME TOWN : SUNDAY

Woodcut by WILLIAM KERMODE

CORRESPONDENCE

SHAKESPEARE AND CHAPMAN

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I beg leave to make a final reply to Dr. Harrison's letter in your current issue. Dr. Harrison is "sorry if my remarks should have forced Mr. Allen to make premature public confession that he no longer believes in William Shakespeare as a dramatist." I reply that, as, by the first week in June, 1929—i.e., some two months prior to the appearance of Dr. Harrison's notice of my book—there were already in circulation, among friends and others, in Great Britain and America, about 3,000 printed letters, and pamphlets, announcing my belief that Oxford was the author of the Shakespearean plays, it becomes obvious that my opponent "forced me" to nothing, excepting the easiest refutation of an ill-considered attack that it has ever yet been my duty to pen. As to my being no longer a believer "in William Shakespeare as a dramatist," I have to inform my critic, that, as a sane person, I have never, for a single instant, ceased to believe that "William Shakespeare" was a dramatist. The impossibility that, in common with thousands of other thoughtful persons, throughout the world, I have ceased to believe, is that "William Shakespeare" and the Stratford actor (apparently named Shaxper) were one and the same person. It is a question of identity, and nothing else. But I should not have to explain self-evident facts.

Again, I shewed that Dr. Harrison's words, "musty scandals," as expressing Shakespeare's view of certain important events of the fifteen-seventies, were an utterly absurd and fallacious misnomer; and I am now rebuked, by my critic, for quoting against him Chapman's *Bussy*, because that play is "founded on history." By what rule or right of controversy, may I ask, is history to be excluded from an historical argument? Further, Dr. Harrison states that my proofs of connection between *Twelfth Night*, and certain events of the 'seventies, are "assertion" merely. That statement is untrue. My case is argued; and I have yet to learn that rejection, by an opponent, of arguments raised in controversy reduces, *ipso facto*, those arguments to mere assertion!

My theories seem, to my critic, to be "fantastic nonsense." But what weight, I ask, can such an epithet carry to impartial followers of this controversy? Dr. Harrison, of course, cannot be aware of the messages, verbal and written, which have reached me, from several of your readers. Their content might help to enlighten, but could in no instance please, him.

—Yours, etc.,

PERCY ALLEN.

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Will you permit me to draw attention to a minor slip in Mr. Hamish Miles's interesting article on the Shakespeare Head Press in your October number? On p. 593 he tells us that the delightful little figure which appears at the bottom of the reproduced page (p. 589) of the *Chaucer* is that of "Sir Thopas on his nag." Of course it is no other than the great Geoffrey himself telling his tale "of myrthe and of solas," as he rides with the pilgrims. Mr. Miles himself may have noticed the slip already.

—Yours, etc.,

O. K. SCHRAM.

The University of Liverpool.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

FROM an American correspondent, Mr. Thomas O. Amelia of Philadelphia, I have received an interesting letter about the first edition of Tennyson's *Maud*, which was published by Moxon in 1855. So by way of a Tennysonian note, this month, I might write a few words about *Maud*. As is well-known, this book was issued with Moxon's advertisements inserted between the two leaves of the front end-paper, and sometimes these advertisements are dated "July, 1855," and sometimes "August, 1855." I fancy (but am not quite sure) that the book has occasionally even later advertisements. Mr. Amelia suggests that there are other differences between various copies of *Maud*, the most important of which appear to me to be the two following:—on p. 64 the 4 at the head of the last stanza is sometimes missing; and on p. 98, at the end of line 5, there is sometimes a comma, and sometimes not, after the word "throat." To these, I may add a "point" of my own discovery—that on p. 153, there is sometimes a colon, and sometimes a semi-colon, at the end of line 2 after the word "sabre-stroke." Oddly enough, the first few copies I examined suggested to me that there might be some connection between these points and the date of the advertisements. But on examining, through the kindness of a bookseller friend, several more copies, the three points were found to occur, in various combinations, with the differing sets of advertisements. So that the book appears to give only one more illustration of the truth that, when variants occur in several sheets of a book, it is generally misleading to say that a particular combination of them constitutes a "first issue." Unless, of course, you care to take the standpoint that a copy of a book which happens to contain each sheet in its earliest state of printing is a "first issue"; but in that case, of course, it must be realised that the term "first issue" has no other meaning than that, and does *not* mean that all such copies were issued, in a sequence, to the public before the copies of "later issues"—nor even that all such copies were collated (i.e., the component sheets put together in the right order to form a copy of a book) together. The association of sheets in different combinations of variants is usually (possibly always?) entirely fortuitous—all of which indicates, perhaps, that the time is ripe for a conference on bibliographical nomenclature.

A REMARKABLY useful work has recently been published by the Library Association at the price of 21s. This is Mr. John Minto's *Reference Books: A Classified and Annotated Guide to the Principal Works of Reference*, a quarto of some three hundred and sixty pages. The only other book of this type is, I believe, one published by the American Library Association, and Mr. Minto, in compiling the present work, has therefore tried to cater especially for workers in Britain rather than elsewhere. It must be extremely hard to make a book of this sort, for one cannot know every subject at first hand, and, furthermore, one cannot include all the books on any one subject. A selection has to be made, and it must be very difficult to see to it that due proportion is kept between the various subjects included. As a general criticism, I should be inclined to think that Mr. Minto's book rather sacrificed other matters to books of historical or literary importance. For example, the whole of

"Science" has but thirteen pages given to it, with the result that the leading existing British botanical periodical, *The Journal of Botany*, is not mentioned (though a *Journal of Botany* which existed from 1834-42 is referred to); whereas twelve pages (only one less than suffices to the whole of science) are devoted to Scottish History alone. Again, three separate indexes or dictionaries to the works of Mr. Kipling are entered—and the whole subject of photography (of which I know nothing, but imagine the literature must be considerable) has no more than three entries. I hope it may not be thought that I am offering this criticism in any carping spirit—it only seems to me to be fair that, in reviewing a book with so general and comprehensive a title, I should draw attention to the fact that the bias of the work is literary and historical, and that scientific subjects are treated a trifle perfunctorily. On the literary and historical side, however, the book is admirable. It has answered, satisfactorily, all the test questions I have been able to think of, and, so far as I have been able to check it, it appears a model of accuracy. The arrangement, too, is lucid, and there is a good index. I honestly hope, therefore, that the book will have a great success. There is certainly nothing to compete with it, and it ought to be placed, immediately, in every public library. And, when this edition is sold out, and a new one becomes necessary, may I beg Mr. Minto to be a little more generous to the scientific subjects, which are, I fancy, often very poorly represented in our public libraries, and of which, therefore, it would be doubly useful if his book, in its next edition, could treat fairly fully.

THE custom of presenting a distinguished man of letters with a volume of specially written essays, from the pens of his friends and admirers, is a peculiarly graceful one. Such a volume has just been published by the Yale University Press (in Great Britain by the Oxford University Press, at £2 15s.). It is called *Essays offered to Herbert Putnam by his Colleagues and Friends on his Thirtieth Anniversary as Librarian of Congress*, and is edited by Messrs. W. W. Bishop and A. Keogh. Among the contributors are L. C. Wroth, Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, Mr. H. M. Lydenberg, of the New York Public Library, and Mr. G. W. Cole, of the Huntington Library—to mention only three out of the sixty or so contributors. Before becoming Librarian of Congress, Mr. Putnam had been successively Librarian at Minneapolis and at Boston, and everywhere his career has been marked with success as a library organiser, and as an innovator in methods of librarianship. I ought to add that among the contributors are not only Americans, but such others as Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, who writes on *Copyright Libraries*, and M. Jusserand, formerly French Ambassador to the United States, the title of whose essay is *Franklin in France*. Altogether this is a tribute of which Mr. Putnam may well feel proud to be the recipient.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

FROM Messrs. Elkin Mathews, of 33 Conduit Street, London, W.1, I have just received their catalogue number 26—and a most interesting one it is, in many ways. It is divided into three parts containing, respectively, books of the eighteenth century or earlier, nineteenth-century books, and modern first editions. In the first section there are several important things and—what often interests me more—several rare and out-of-the-way books of minor importance, viewed as literature. There is, for instance, a very scarce little book of *Poems and Translations, on Several Occasions*, octavo, 1727, by a certain Richard Lely, of whom practically nothing is known. He was an amateurish versifier, but not without an occasional spark of wit. I only

remember seeing one other copy (my own) of Lely's *Poems* besides the present one, of which the price, incidentally, is £1 15s. Then, for £1, there is a presentation copy, with thirteen sonnets added in the author's own hand, of William Kendall's *Poems*, octavo, printed by Trewman of Exeter in 1793. This is a very attractive volume, for Kendall was a really graceful poet, who, every now and then, wrote something very charming. The manuscript sonnets certainly ought to be looked at, to see how good they are—whether, for example, they are as pretty as this *Song* of Kendall's, which I have quoted before (though perhaps not in these pages) but make no apology for repeating :

Sleepless eyelids dim with tears,
Languid accents, breathing woe,
Sighs of sorrow, throbbing fears—
Lovers, only lovers, know !

What though all in life's short day
Feel a-while the storm of grief ;
Hope affords a transient ray,
Fleeting pleasures yield relief.

Fame at length rewards the brave ;
Time can envy's self destroy :
But o'er love's neglected slave
Ages pass, nor waft a joy.

There is a kind of melodious languor about that which I find attractive. But what attracts me most (from the point of view of an observer of the trend of the rare-book-market) in this list is the section of nineteenth-century writers, which shows, without a shadow of doubt, how rapidly the Victorians—both major and minor—are coming into fashion with book-collectors. A page and a half of this catalogue, for example, is devoted to William Allingham, whose books are offered at prices ranging from £3 15s. for *Poems*, 1850, to seven shillings and sixpence for *Ashby Manor*, an undated book but one published late, I fancy, in Allingham's career. Then R. H. Horne has nearly two pages—with his *Orion, an Epic Poem*, published in 1843 at the low—and eccentric—price of one farthing, offered in a contemporary calf binding for £2 5s. Other minors, such as Alexander Smith, William Bell Scott, and William Barnes are here too, in plenty. But the chief interest, naturally, attaches to the great Victorian books. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, 1859, for which £100 is asked. Now this is a book which was selling at auction for between £3 and £4 no more than three years ago—but collectors have suddenly woken up to the fact that it is one of the chief epoch-marks in the history of human thought, and it is now, in the bookshops, a hundred pound book ; and it will not be long, I presume, before it goes to that figure in the auction room. Then let me quote, from Messrs. Elkin Mathews' list, the following prices, and leave them, since space is not inexhaustible, to speak for themselves :—Matthew Arnold, *Empedocles on Etna*, 1852, £22 10s., and *The Strayed Reveller*, 1849, £18 ; Mrs. Browning, *Aurora Leigh*, 1857, £8, *The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point*, privately printed, 1849, £42, and *The Seraphim*, 1838, £8 ; Robert Browning, *Men and Women*, 2 volumes, 1855, £35, and *The Ring and the Book*, 4 volumes, 1868–9, “a very fine copy,” £28 ; Thomas Carlyle, *On Heroes, Hero-Worship*, etc., 1841, £10 ; George Eliot, *Felix Holt*, 3 volumes, 1866, £25, *The Mill on the Floss*, 3 volumes, 1860, £35, and *Scenes of Clerical Life*, 2 volumes, 1858, £180. There are many similar books which I might mention, but I must pass on to another catalogue. I have, however,

quoted enough, I fancy, to show what remarkable doings there are, in these days, among the Victorian first editions—when they are in good condition, for with these books, almost more than with any others, the condition has an enormous effect on the value.

ANOTHER catalogue which has been put together with a good deal of originality and brains is number 21, issued by Mr. Arthur Rogers, of 18 Eldon Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne. For instance, on the seventh page of the list is Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms*, first edition, 3 volumes, octavo, 1888. This, though it is rebound in half-calf, is valued as high as £25. Now, it had never occurred to me that *Robbery Under Arms* would be a valuable book—and yet the thing is obvious. It is one of the best of Australian stories, probably the best, and there is a rapidly increasing interest, in Australia, in the literature and history of the country. Moreover, Mr. Rogers in his note on this book informs us that it is “an excessively rare book, one of the scarcest of all nineteenth-century novels. As far as my observation goes, I should have no hesitation in saying that this book is as difficult to secure as *Desperate Remedies* or *Workers in the Dawn*.” I, for one, am delighted to see so much glory attaching itself to a tale which has given me such great pleasure as has this of Captain Starlight and his adventures. Then I note two books that are very much on the up-grade just now, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, seven volumes, 8vo., 1837–38, and Macaulay's *History of England*, 5 volumes, 8vo., 1849–55–61. Of the former Mr. Rogers offers two copies, one at seven, and the other at four, guineas, and for the Macaulay he asks £8 8s. Moreover there are two of Macaulay's early poems, *Pompeii*, 8vo., 1819, for £2 10s. and *Evening*, 8vo., 1821, for £1 5s. Finally there is an example of what I should call intelligent “spotting” of an interesting book—Bishop Heber's *Hymns*, 8vo., 1827, in the original boards, which is priced at £1 10s. Heber wrote *Hark the Herald Angels Sing*, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, and many other famous hymns. Any book containing pieces as well-known as this has an obvious possible appeal to a large number of people. Yet how many people would have grasped the fact? If they answer that of course they would, let me ask them whether they could say, off hand, in what book the first appearance of *Casabianca* is to be found? It is a book which I have never yet picked up in good condition, and I fancy it must be quite uncommon. There must be millions of people who have read *Casabianca*—yet I don't remember ever seeing its first edition intelligently catalogued. However, I have no doubt I shall see it, one day, in one of Mr. Rogers's lists, for, as I have said, he seems to be a bookseller who is quick to see the potentialities of a book. Which is what I, as a journalist, like in a bookseller, for he is apt, then, to give me something to write about.

THERE are some very inexpensive books in a catalogue (number 143) which I have just received from Mr. J. S. Billingham, of Dryden House, Watling Street, Towcester, Northamptonshire. For example, there is Richard Savage's poem, *The Bastard*, first edition, 1728, for only five shillings, and a number of other attractive books of verse of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which, I have, unfortunately, no space to enumerate here. Mr. Billingham's lists always seem to me to contain a number of real bargains.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

"THE COMPLETE WALTON" ? *

NO, not complete ; for no true Waltonian will allow that your Walton can be complete without Cotton's Second Part of *The Compleat Angler*. But we have here the whole of Walton's own writings brought together in a Nonesuch volume whose material production—typography, binding, paper, illustration—invites the critical bookman's study of every detail ; and nearly every detail will give him unqualified delight. It is an achievement, first of all, to have got some 640 finely printed pages into a volume a bare inch and a quarter thick on a mould-made paper. The character of the paper—crisp, thin but quite opaque—interested me so much that I wrote to ask Mr. Meynell how he got it. I give the information in his own words, which show incidentally the great care which has been given to the making of this book :

The paper . . . was made by Pannekoek in Holland. It is an offshoot of the experiments which they made for our Shakespeare Paper. I sent them some seventeenth century sheets and asked for a paper which would equal these in opacity, strength and pleasing appearance. They made three or four trial makings with the final result that you see.

The pages are set in 10-point Poliphilus and Blado. Here refinement is carried too far ; for the type is over-small to be read by weak eyes even when cast, as this is, with the equivalent of a middle lead between the lines. The title-page is a beautiful bit of studied simplicity with its delicately balanced lines of letter-spaced capitals and small capitals and at the middle, an engraved oval showing a Nonesuch device. I extract the following from the Note, so that all those who have had a share in the production may have acknowledgment :

THE TEXT HAS BEEN PRINTED BY R. & R.
CLARK IN EDINBURGH, THE COPPERPLATE
ENGRAVINGS BY A. ALEXANDER AND SON
IN LONDON ; THE DRAWINGS HAVE BEEN
COLOUR-STENCILLED BY THE CURWEN
PRESS, LONDON : ALL UNDER THE
CARE OF FRANCIS MEYNELL.

The engraved portraits show us Izaak himself, Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Sanderson, each in a scroll-work frame. The figures of fish, which were engraved for the original editions of *The Compleat Angler*, have been re-drawn and are here printed from fine line blocks. The stencilled tinting is supererogatory : I have fished in Walton's Dove and many other waters, but have never yet seen a purple trout. The binding of the volume completes the wonders of its production ; for it is whole-bound in niger leather with a flexible back. One may see such a binding on specimen work at the craft-schools and on choice books on collectors' shelves ; but never before in a book from a publisher's office.

* Izaak Walton. *The Compleat Angler* ; The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson. With Love and Truth and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Illustrations by Thomas Poulton and Charles Sigrist. The Nonesuch Press. 1,600 copies. 63s.

THE PRINTER, THE ARTIST AND THE ADVERTISER*

"STUDY to be quiet," quotes Izaak Walton at the end of the First Part of *The Compleat Angler*. That is not the maxim of an advertiser ; and it is rather a shock to pass from Mr. Meynell's Walton to Mr. Meynell's hints on newspaper advertising with his specimens of strident types and his "gallery" of contemporary advertisements. All these will have great interest and usefulness for advertisers everywhere. The specimens show over fifty different type-faces, most of them in three, four or five different sizes. Many of them are new to me ; and some of them I should like never to see again ; but they include also most of the fine types, revived or original, which are used in the best contemporary printing.

THE WORK OF T. M. CLELAND†

MR. MEYNELL'S book treats only of newspaper advertising and that chiefly as a matter of choosing and arranging types. This other book shows some fine examples of pictorial advertising by an artist whose work is better known to some of us than his name ; for many printers have received from time to time the cleverly devised and tastefully produced "folders" of the Strathmore Paper Company, some of which make their re-appearance in the pages of this record. Mr. Cleland's type-ornaments and initial letters also are familiar to us in American printing and especially in the specimen book of the American Type Founders Company. But only a collection like this can give a notion of the wonderful variety and wide range of his work. It is not all advertising, although a mere bookman may be allowed to express his sorrow that, just as the devil is said to have all the best tunes, so the advertiser commands most of the best printing. The examples show first of all an early title-page with a fountain in play under a trellised arch, done for the Merrymunt Press in 1904. Then come the title-pages of two books printed by Mr. Updike in Herbert Horne's Montallegro type for the Humanists' Library a little before the war. I have long treasured these two books, but only learn now that the title-pages with their suggestions of the Italian renaissance are Cleland's work. Most of his decorative work is of one "period" or another : some of it is reminiscent of the cinque cento, some of Tory and the French Renaissance, some of the eighteenth-century French engravers, some of the brothers Adam. Many of these beautifully reproduced examples show how skilfully the artist uses flat colour-schemes for letterpress and offset printing.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* *The Typography of Newspaper Advertisements*. By Francis Meynell. With a display of English, American, French, Dutch and German type-faces ; a table for calculating the number of words of any type which can be fitted into a given space ; and a gallery of contemporary advertisements. 4to. Benn. 42s.

† *The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland*. A Record and Review. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by Alfred E. Hamill and a Portrait Lithograph by Rockwell Kent. New York : The Pynson Printers. 4to. 84s.

CHRONICLES

THE DRAMA

ROMEO AND JULIET. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The Old Vic.

THE MISDOINGS OF CHARLEY PEACE. By EDWARD PERCY. The Ambassadors Theatre.

DEVIL IN BRONZE. By AUSTIN PAGE. The Strand Theatre.

BROTHERS. By HERBERT ASHTON. The Adelphi Theatre.

GRAND GUIGNOL. The Gate Theatre Studio.

OF all the intolerable characters of Elizabethan drama by far the most intolerable is Juliet's nurse. She dodders along, she holds up the action of the play, she tries to be funny, in short, she is a thundering, crashing bore. It was all the more unfortunate that when the Old Vic produced *Romeo and Juliet* the old lady was almost the only character who spoke her words distinctly. The others gabbled at such a terrific pace that it was impossible to pick out more than fifteen per cent. of the words. The worst offender was Mr. Gyles Isham. Mr. Isham looked every inch a Mercutio. He rolled, he swaggered, he rocked with laughter. But not one intelligible sentence did he utter. There are people who look upon the untimely death of Mercutio as a personal tragedy, just as there are people who would gladly hang for the murder of the man who interrupted Kubla Khan. But at the Old Vic's production of *Romeo and Juliet* one felt like murdering the producer who allowed Mercutio to gabble and that awful old nurse to drawl. Mr. John Gielgud has joined the company. His Romeo was inclined to swiftness of speech but he just succeeded in carrying it off. Miss Dixon was a simple, charming and beautiful Juliet.

There was a time when there seemed to be no reason why *The Misdoings of Charley Peace* should ever come to an end. The first scene lasted for some thirty minutes and a glance at the programme informed the horrified glancer that no fewer than sixteen scenes were to follow. However, some of them were short and some were exciting and some were interesting, so the time passed fairly pleasantly. It was a chronicle-play. There was no attempt to investigate the psychology of the man who could beat his wife and play "Abide with me" on his violin practically simultaneously, who could shoot a policeman and attend the trial of the man wrongfully accused of the murder, who could burgle the Vicar's house and act as sidesman in the Vicar's church. But as a rather slow, drawn-out, chronicle-play, it was fairly entertaining. Mr. Oswald Dale Roberts had a good opportunity as Peace and he made the most of it. If he had a weakness, he shared it with the play. He acted too slowly. The remainder of the cast was adequate. *The Misdoings of Charley Peace* was almost a success. Probably with better producing it would have got even nearer.

Bad producing was also responsible for the failure of *Devil in Bronze*. The story was as follows: a tenderfoot and two toughs strike gold in Alaska. Tough A finds the tenderfoot flirting with his wife in her lighthouse—she is a lighthouse-keeper—and revenges himself by tying the tenderfoot up and carting him off to a lonely bell-buoy in mid-ocean where he proceeds to dump him. It will be three days before a

steamer passes and in the meantime the incessant clapping of the bell will have driven him mad. Tough A then returns to the lighthouse and devotes his amiable activities to killing Tough B with whisky in order to be left in sole possession of the swag, a task in which he very soon succeeds, Tough B being rather a one for the booze. But the tenderfoot did not go entirely mad. His hair went white but that was all, and he returned to the lighthouse. He too had his amiable scheme, which was to hide in the lamp-room and bang a metal bowl, specially constructed for the purpose, every time Tough A tried to get forty winks. The bowl made the same note as the bell on the buoy. Mrs. Tough A helped him in the scheme by signalling to the lamp-room whenever her spouse showed signs of dropping off. Remorse, guilty conscience, whisky, exhaustion all combine to bring the unfortunate Tough to the end of his tether and he ultimately dies of apoplexy. Mr. Austin Page, whose first play this is, has a definite sense of melodrama. Some parts of *Devil in Bronze* were really exciting and others were good melodramatic stuff, and there was no doubt at all that the audience enjoyed it immensely. But Mr. Page was badly let down by his producer. Life in an Alaskan lighthouse surely cannot be as genteel as all that. When Tough B, elderly, unshaved and whisky-sodden, was about to depart for the Delirium Tremens Hospital in Vancouver, his belongings were packed in a neat yellow suitcase and one of his garments was a natty pair of pink pyjamas. The sitting-room of the lighthouse was furnished with Georgian chairs, easy chairs, smart yellow curtains, a new tablecloth for each scene, and the Tough's wife, the Lady of the Lamp, wore beautiful silk stockings. It was all too good to be true. And, of course, it kept on spoiling the illusion. It was so difficult to believe that people who lived in such refining surroundings could have harboured such naughty thoughts about each other.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen was excellent as the tenderfoot, and his performance on the bell-buoy, when he is engaged in the desperate struggle to preserve his sanity, was really good. Miss Neilson-Terry, too seldom seen in London in recent years, is an accomplished actress, very sure and very skilful. Mr. Lyn Harding was a convincing ruffian but where, oh where did Mr. Douglas Ross pick up that Scottish accent? His performance as a Scottish doctor was most peculiar.

Brothers is a drama of the New York underworld by Mr. Herbert Ashton, and produced under the auspices of Mr. Wallace himself. As in every play in which Mr. Wallace has a finger, there are plenty of thrills, plenty of crooks and plenty of most convincing local atmosphere and amusing back-chat. Two brothers, foundlings, are brought up in very different surroundings until, by the time the first act begins, one of them is the pianist in Oily Joe's Speakeasy on the water-front in New York City, while the other is the rising star in New York's legal world. But the brilliant barrister is in reality every sort of blackguard, including a dope-fiend, while the pianist is a capital, good-hearted, generous chap who is adored by the entire water-front. All sorts of complications ensue, and in the end the pianist has to impersonate his distinguished brother in order to save his name and prevent his evil secret from coming to the ears of his young lady. He does this most successfully and, of course, has to carry on with the impersonation for good, because the barrister has committed suicide or done some other rash act which has made him ineligible for matrimony. It is all very smooth and very pleasant and very simple. The trouble about it was that the acting was, on the whole, not at all good. One or two of the actors, and actresses, were positively bad. How they got into a West End production, where the standard is so uniformly high, was most surprising. There was, however, a redeeming feature in Mr. Hartley Powers who acted both brothers. Mr. Powers is an ideal crook and an ideal detective, and the parts of the brothers provided him with opportunities of showing

his talents in both directions. And as for the number of times he changed his trousers in the course of the evening, it was positively staggering. He would drift out in a haughty way and a pair of immaculate blacks, to bound in again through a window or from behind a screen in old grey flannels. A few lines and out he would dart, all jollity and good-comradeship and shabbiness, coming back in a jiffy wearing a top-hat and a stock and a morning coat. Gradually the audience seemed to get a little hysterical, and one felt that people were making bets on the colour of his trousers on his next appearance, and getting up small sweepstakes on the number of changes he would make altogether during the play.

The Gate Theatre Studio began their winter season with a programme of four Grand Guignol plays, or rather three, for the fourth was just a piece of silliness and slightly bad taste. The first was a rather dramatic jumble of dope and crime and nerves and hypnotic suggestion, called *Doctor Max Hensig*.

Max is in jail for murder ; and, apparently, rightly so. A young journalist does all he can to get him hanged. Max announces to the journalist through the bars of his cell that he will be released and that then he will kill him. He is released and the journalist ultimately goes mad with fear that the redoubtable Max is on his track. Mr. Graveley Edwards was suitably sinister as Max and Miss Beatrix Lehmann acted well, as she always does. Miss Lehmann keeps to a consistently high level. *The End of the Trail* was an Alaskan tragedy, or was it Oregon ? Anyway it was somewhere very far away and very nasty. The scene of *The Admiralty Regrets* is a sunken submarine in which the imprisoned crew await the inevitable end. It is a painful little play, powerfully acted by the Gate's cast.

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS

The dramatic season for the autumn and winter is enriched by the Savoy revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The first was *The Gondoliers* and all the others are to follow. Mr. Henry Lytton is still at his wonderful best.

La Vie Parisienne is at last finishing its delightful run at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and is being succeeded by *Beau Austin*, the play by Henley and Stevenson ; Mr. Laurence Housman's one-act play, *Mr. Gladstone's Comforter*, is to be *Beau Austin's* curtain-raiser. *Wake Up and Dream* will be withdrawn from the London Pavilion in a few weeks' time and, unfortunately, is to be followed by a talking-film. On Armistice Day, *The Unknown Warrior* is being revived at the Haymarket Theatre for a matinée, with Mr. Maurice Evans as the Soldier. Mr. Evans is at present in *Journey's End*, playing the part of Lieutenant Raleigh.

A. G. MACDONELL

THE MOVIES

FINIS TERRAE. EPSTEIN. Societé Generale. Avenue Pavilion.

THE FOUR FEATHERS. COOPER-SCHOEDSACK-MENDES. Carlton Theatre.

THE PAGAN. VAN DYKE. Metro-Goldwyn. Empire.

THE GODLESS GIRL. CECIL DE MILLE. P.D.C. Carlton Theatre (trade show).

MOVIETONE FOLLIES. SILVER. Fox. Astoria.

THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE. RIESNER. Metro-Goldwyn. Empire.

MEPSTEIN'S work, which opened the French season at the Avenue Pavilion, is the only one of these films which may be described as real cinema. You may alter the adjective if you like, and substitute "pure" or "complete," but "cinema" must remain. None of these other films show any spiritual feeling for the medium, and so none of them approach to being cinema. Yet these are selected films, and each one represents six that have on reflection been seen to have little to do with the screen and far too much to do with the stage; pictures such as *Madame X*, *Fashions in Love*, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, *Charming Sinners*. Good entertainment all of them, but offering no realisation of what can be done with film, lengths of sensitised celluloid, that can be done with nothing else.

Yet each of the films mentioned above has moments when it approaches to being cinema. There is fine photography in *The Pagan*—but pan-chromatism is not enough. There is a glorious riot of images in the fire sequence of *The Godless Girl*—but the fire is the only part of the film that is not chaos. And *The Four Feathers*, more than any of these, might have been a good film and a real film; but they fastened another one on to it and scrapped the best stuff they had, and so once again we are confronted with something that has marvellous moments ruined, at the critical point, by ignorance.

Two years were spent by Messrs. Schoedsack and Cooper, filming in Africa. This was after the great success of their *Chang*. The results were brought back, and you would have thought that enough footage would have been shot in that time to make a picture long enough even for von Stroheim. But what do we see? A film "based on the novel by A. E. W. Mason," in which the African record is used as realistic background. There is not very much of Africa in the film, but one would willingly have seen more. It is very good, despite the fondness of Schoedsack and Cooper for testing the credulousness of the public. But for once, in these few scenes, we are seeing mass on the screen, moving mass, which is what the film exists to mould. And this mass is to do with animals and natives, scenery and how to live, which once again is the material *par excellence* of the film. In the story part of the picture, two soldiers are escaping from captivity; their captors, in order to smoke them out, set fire to the bush, and we then see animals flying before the fire. A family of baboons flying, reaching a river bridge, which, with the cruelty peculiar to the makers of *Chang*, breaks, plunging the animals in the river. Hippopotami stampeding before the flames . . . and then after this we are asked to take interest in the escape of two Hollywood actors disguised as soldiers disguised as something else. It is not hard to imagine that this forest-fire was to be the core of the film as devised by the travelling cameramen. And it is not hard to imagine that the Hollywood powers thought an "interest" film would not hold a talkie-mad public, and that in any case they wanted a vehicle for Richard Arlen, and so once again what we have gained is only a tombstone for what is lost.

But *Finis Terrae* is pure gain, and pure cinema. It is not without faults. M. Epstein may be thought to be a little slow, as he is also a little sentimental. In the original version, which I saw in Paris, the film had a weakly sentimental ending; the doctor was called away from operating on the boy to another case, the implication being that for the doctor there is no rest, he is at the service of mankind. Besides being sentimental, this ending was bad because it suddenly switched the interest on to the doctor, and one wondered why one had hitherto been concerned with the life of the fishermen, to whom the doctor was incidental.

There is nothing sensational about the film. No big issues are involved, no questions of death and honour, and though this is its virtue—that it expresses ordinary life as it flies—it is also the cause for the film being almost perfect in a small style, rather than striking out for the big things. Just off Ouessant, four fishermen are on a wild wind-swept island harvesting seaweed; two of them are men, two boys. By the smoke that rises from the seaweed, the people on the mainland know how they are faring. One day, one of the boys thinks of a bottle of wine he has in his locker, and sends the other to fetch it. On his way back, over the beach, he stumbles and smashes it. Jean-Marie, the elder, is angry, and in his annoyance drops his knife. They watch the last of the wine sink in the sand, and then Jean-Marie finds he has lost his knife. He accuses Ambrose of having taken it. "You have dropped my last bottle of wine; you might at least let me have my knife." Small things, a knife and a bottle of wine. But they are on a bare island; such things are precious. The mainland is not so far away, but they cannot leave their work. By these little things we feel the life of these fisherman and all like them. The story reaches out to others besides fishermen. The wine causes ripples as it falls. Ambrose has cut his thumb on the broken bottle, and does not answer about the knife. The boys quarrel, and when the thumb grows worse, there is no one to look after Ambrose. He is unable to take his share in the work. They think he is sulking and shirking. Jean-Marie's cart is bowing beneath its load. There is only a little well on the island and water is precious. Ambrose, drawing some to cool his finger, is seen. There are little incidents which, in telling the story, enlarge the conception of life.

The difference between such films as *Finis Terrae* and the majority of pictures is the same as the difference between the work of novelists of feeling and imagination and of those who go out to look for "life" in rough quarters, disguised with a mackintosh and blue spectacles. For life is round us all the time, there is no need to go out to look for it. Life is in the brain, and if the brain is not conscious of it, there is no use in seeking the docks, in ranging exotic slices of "real life" before one. It is the same with the camera, which does not exist to have scenes and stories enacted before it. It is a mechanical extension of eyes, hands, brain and heart, and goes round, catching life where it finds it, and moulding it according to the sense and appreciation of the man behind it. M. Epstein has this sense, and the films he makes are all expressions of his feeling of life moulded in the plastic forms of cinema.

The latest romance of the South Seas, *The Pagan*, might have been another such film. It was filmed among the islands, with the islanders in it, but fortunately or unfortunately, according to your reactions to the South Seas, all that was done with them was to make a romance. That word was remembered first and foremost. The film had to be romantic; although nothing is romantic that is not true to life, true, that is to say, not literally but fundamentally. There is not any of the little reality there was in *White Shadows*, which owed all the reality it had to Flaherty, whose collaborator and supplanter made this *Pagan*. But the film is not sheer waste because it marks another step in the evolution of screen technique. It is, in the end, nothing more or

less than a film musical comedy, which is worth noticing because in material it is only a pretty picture in which Ramon Novarro sings. But the result of the prettiness, the crooning of Hawaiian melodies and the spirit in which the film was made, is the screen equivalent of a musical comedy. It is worth noticing because the Hollywood attempts to "cash in" on famous musical plays by filming *Rose Marie* or *The Desert Song* are comparative failures. Instead of the illogical romance of musical comedy, all there is in such films is an attempt to make a film-play out of them, and *The Desert Song* in particular refuses such translation. It is not film musical comedy, but musical comedy filmed, which is a double mistake. But *The Pagan* is to the screen just what these plays are to the stage—no less and, be it always remembered, no more. Sound should let this be realised, for here the theme-song makes clear something that should long ago have been recognised. One of the advantages of talkies is that they emphasise the difference between films that are cinema and films that are just photoplays.

The same thing is true of *The Hollywood Revue*, which with all its stars fails to be a revue. The presence of so many stars means that no one is prominent and revue must either depend on personality or conception, of which latter there is none. *The Movietone Follies*, on the other hand, although in principle not such a departure from ordinary screen practice, having a story and a love-theme, were far nearer to being revue. The story was so slight that it served as a link between the turns, acting at the same time as a contrast and relief. This film had also a pleasant sparkle and feeling of high spirits about it. It was a casual film, not pretentiously made and with few well-known actors, but it succeeded in being a screen revue, and not a series of heavy, elaborate turns just failing to get there. *The Hollywood Revue* is lavish, but with the lavishness of the stage. Very little use is made of the camera, except to photograph what is brought before it, whereas in *The Movietone Follies* the camera ran about, perching above the chorus here, being under a row of whirling legs there, supplementing the singing of a song with abstract images of black and white and being cut rhythmically all the time. There is no rhythm in the filming of *The Hollywood Revue* at all corresponding to the rhythm of the tunes. The eye has not been taken into account and though it is pleasant to see Buster Keaton, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Bessie Love and Marie Dressler in one film, one feels all the time that it is just a photographed show, and not a revue conceived in terms of the cinema.

I felt far more that the real revue of the screen lies in a succession of short films, such as are shown at the Avenue Pavilion before *Finis Terrae*. The absolute film, *Light and Shade*, is a dull little work to watch whole-heartedly, but it would be interesting to have going on in a cocktail room, with blues playing and ice clinking behind a steel bar. If one cannot make a whole film out of series of turns, it would be better to have a series of short films, each contrasting each complementary, as is M. Silka's *Tragedy of a Duck* to *Light and Shade*. And among these there might be a cabaret talkie or a sound cartoon. But not twenty-five stars failing to glitter on a studio floor.

ROBERT HERRING

POETRY

NEAR AND FAR. New Poems. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.

SONNETS OF SILENCE. By M.A.R.Y. John Lane. 6s.

THE judicious will find it wise to re-assess Mr. Blunden's characteristics upon the appearance of each new volume of his poems. It is true, as all his critics rightly insist, that he is in the English tradition, but it would be unsound to attempt to deduce from that fact what attitudes and music we shall discover in the work which he is yet to do, or even to make it an excuse for reading again with too complacent an expectation the work which he has already done. He does not repose in the tradition, he continues it very lustily. The consistency of his themes is apt to disguise the vigour with which he is impelled to display them continually afresh. His mind changes in essentials no more than his eye wearies, but it tends with increasing energy to take charge of his vision. In his earliest pieces he saw his beloved countryside as a divine fairyland, a playground of minor gods. From all such glimmering haunts the pressure of circumstances in Europe removed him, and on his return he found himself surrounded by unblinkable realities which seemed to view him as alien and hostile. *The Waggoner* collected the fruit of these two moods, the one of a young, uncritical heart, the other of a heart made suddenly tired and estranged. Whatever forms and sustains a poet, whether heredity or environment or, as some hold, a fortunate combination of both, it is impossible to imagine any circumstances which could at any time have dissuaded Mr. Blunden from poetry altogether; but in those years it may well have been touch and go with the poet as we know him. However, possibly the unforgettable summer of 1921, and certainly some eighteenth-century voices intervened to heal his wounds. In *The Shepherd*, the volume published in 1922, the mind took control and, while its adjuncts and memories lay convalescent in the sun, went testing and verifying among the solid presences of village and field. In *English Poems*, 1925, with faith renewed, heart and brain (those figments from a quaint physiology which Mr. Blunden and Mr. Sassoon, almost alone amongst us, are working powerfully to preserve) joined for the first time on equal terms, singing together down country lanes in the new deliciousness of freedom and company—sometimes riotously, let it be admitted, and even unintelligibly. Not the severest critical baton or arrest could now divide that partnership.

There is no longer any obscurity in Mr. Blunden's work, although the reader may still be advised to ponder over his poems as if there were, so as to get the full savour out of the tight, rich phrases (there is nothing in poetry quite like them) in which objectivity and subjectivity, fancy and imagination, are joined at last:

Bloom, healing rosiness and wild-wine flowers,
Or lift a vain wing in the mire, dropt leaf;
Storm-spirit, coil your lightnings round mad towers;
Go forth, you marching Seasons, horsemen Hours;
Blow silver triumphs, Joy, and knell, grey Grief.

Humour, which rarely lay far behind Mr. Blunden's lines, is in these last two volumes much in evidence. *Solutions in Retreat* was charming and lovely fun. Now, in the longest poem in either book, we are presented to an early eighteenth-century geographer who, having dined with a friend, descants to a class of boys upon the use of

the globe, and sideglances at some of the wonders to be found on the "terraqueous ball" which it represents. These are this worthy's useful remarks upon a little-known but estimable property of a familiar herb :

Mark as well, my lads,
That on Molucca coast, where the burnt air
Proposes to sea-captains strong desire
For stronger liquor, there the moral Clove
Abounds, rich cargo ; virtuous to absorb
Whatever wine it neighbours. Whence it chances
That often some bold boatswain, fondly drawn
Towards the insidious hogshead, bawling hymns,
Stops, stares, starts, rages at the emptied store,
And sees too late the bag of Cloves beside.

It seems unlikely, indeed impossible, that Mr. Blunden's technical competence can advance much further, but there is still no sign of a settlement in his attitude to life or even to nature :

Sprawl not so monster-like, blind mist ;
I know not "seems" ;
I am too old a realist
To take sea-dreams
From you, or think a great white Whale
Floats through our hawthorn-scented vale—
This foam-cold vale.

Emily Dickinson's poems are the repercussions of a single event. She was born in 1830, the daughter of stern Methodist parents in New England. Her father was a lawyer and a man of civic importance. As a girl she had quick eyes and a quicker understanding, and would occasionally present the circle of her elders with a trenchant phrase. In her early twenties she fell in love with a married preacher who, returning her passion, fled with his family across the continent, almost certainly at her instigation. There followed a hush for a decade which history does not record ; then, at the age of 32 or so, she began to produce little poems, rarely more than twelve lines long, in which were nearly always betrayed, and sometimes debated, some one of the hundred problems of her renunciation. She is said to have worked longer at her poems than the dubious reader would suppose from their amorphous appearance, but she cared little for their fate when once they satisfied her intention, and only two or three were published during her lifetime. In 1890, four years after her death, a selection was published. A second volume followed immediately and, in 1896, a third. A few more were printed with the letters in which they were sent. In 1924, on the appearance of a selection made by Mr. Conrad Aiken from these collections and of a "complete" edition in one volume, the opinion of good judges in America was confirmed in England and France. Among other portents a long article appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A poet of the size of Emily Brontë but quieter and more humorous, a woman who could be compared among women with William Blake among men, was recognised in her. Her lighter and more sentimental pieces, to which alone the general attention had previously been called, were re-examined in the body of her work and found to have unsuspected depth. And all the time, while the 'nineties tuned up and sang, while poets grew up and died, while the war raged and, later, while she was being assigned her high place in the literature of America and of femininity, a quarter of her work, poems which her first editor decided not to publish, was lying at a solicitor's in a forgotten parcel.

It is not difficult to see why these poems were rejected in the first place. Some are very obscure, some are feebler versions of poems which were preferred, and some, the majority, leave few doubts as to the cause and nature of her trouble. It was the pleasant, almost excusable, pretence of her earlier editors that "she lived in seclusion from no love-disappointment": almost any one of these *Further Poems* would have spoilt that little deception.

The largest group of these poems centres round loneliness, a wise subject in the circumstances—its cause, obsessions and cure, in the consideration of immortality:

The lonesome for they know not what—
The Eastern exiles be,
Who strayed beyond the amber line
Some madder holiday.

And ever since the purple West
They strive to climb in vain—
As birds that tremble from the clouds
Do fumble at the strain
The blessed ether taught them
Some transatlantic morn,
When heaven was too common to miss,
Too sure to dote upon.

Readers of Emily Dickinson may be directed, with a caution, to *Sonnets of Silence*, a fascinating and rather a forbidding book. It is a sonnet-sequence of 500 sonnets. The legendary American who disbelieved in the giraffe (but he certainly was no admirer of Emily Dickinson) would say that there was no such thing and withdraw his attention; but I can vouch for the fact for, in four spell-bound sittings, I have read the whole 500, one of which hardly qualifies as it has only 13 lines. It would be saying little to say that the 500 are unequal. A bright phrase not infrequently flashes up from their tumultuous general surface, but there is hardly a single sonnet in the book which I would care to recommend to a fastidious reader. Yet their cumulative effect is extraordinarily powerful. They seem to have all been written not only in a constant and overmastering emotion, but in a white heat of ecstasy. The writing, so far as one can judge, was spread over nineteen years during which the writer was separated from the man she loved—it is difficult to unearth precise details. Her poetical vocabulary is not large, her field of observation is distinctly narrow; but one does not often meet so much intensity and sincerity. Here is a specimen sonnet:

A blue chair, and a green wood hued behind
In tapestry of tints of Summer's breast;
Deep shades of colour woven into a rest
Of exquisite refreshment for the mind;—
The folks went past, unto the wonder blind,—
The vision in a shop-front's span expresst;
But, oh, that blue, unto my dreaming blest!
And, oh, that green, unto my soul so kind!

Sweet, I had found such fair joys on my way
From midday meal to work, the thronged street through;—
White heather at the kerb, to cheer the day;
Beautiful pictures of the heavenly view
Of those whose painting is to praise and pray;—
And here my thought sang, "What a throne for you!"

E. G. TWITCHETT

FICTION—I

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. By RICHARD HUGHES. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

HANS FROST. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

SACRIFICE. By OWEN JOHNSON. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THERE is certainly a high wind in Jamaica. It causes Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's house to be blown away, and that causes the Thornton children to be sent to England to school. Apart from this incidental connection the title has nothing whatever to do with the story. Still, even an almost pointless title is better than a dull one. Think of *Captured by Pirates* ! Yet that would have been far more indicative—in fact the very best possible if that were the only purpose of the title. Well, then, this book is not about a high wind, but about pirates and about seven small children whom the pirates captured. But let no one imagine it is therefore a children's book. Far from it. It is removed by so many stages from the literature that is visualised as "fit for the hands of a child" that it is almost out of the running for anybody's hands. It is at once so outrageously vile and so superlatively child-like, that it is no one's book. Yet everyone will read it. Mr. Hughes's descriptions of the earthquake which preceded the high wind and of the high wind and torrential rain that followed will ensure that. Such a beginning would be cause enough for the author to get away with anything. And that, one feels, is what has happened. If this book had begun with the incredible letter, written by the captain of the ship which the pirates captured, to the children's parents announcing the fact that he had lost his ship and their children, how many people would have read another page ? Yet they would still have lost something by not going on. Acknowledging the predominant attraction of the first chapters of the book, there is still an attractiveness in the narration, by Mr. Hughes, of the children's subsequent adventures, that is undeniable. It shows his brilliance as a craftsman and stylist ; and it forces an admiration of his ruthless exhibition of the children, and of his independent understanding of the sort of flesh and blood that such beings as a piratical crew might be made of.

Having granted Mr. Hughes, with the utmost willingness, these last three qualities, one can only regretfully ask him, why, for instance, does he step beyond the bounds of all that is credible, decent, thinkable, and have his perfectly human pirates commit the villainy of first betraying poor Margaret and then throwing her over-board ? (That she is picked up by a boat is incidental.) This event in the story is a shock that turns the blood to ice. It is thrown off by Mr. Hughes as lightly as is any other trivial incident in the lives of children living at close quarters for a long time. In the same way we are informed that when John fell out of the warehouse window and was picked up, "he had plainly broken his neck." Just that. As if he had stomach-ache, perhaps. And when, finally, the children get to England and the pirates are brought to justice, and Emily says just the one thing of all others that could have got the captain hanged and even then doesn't retract when she sees what she has done—well, all one can say is, thank Heaven there are children and children, and these are not as other children are ! If Mr. Hughes's purpose is to display children as they are without any sentimental lime-light upon them (and also pirates by the same token), are we not justified in asking him to allow them at least a share in the whole range of our own adult instincts, and not only a selection of them ? Why may not Emily, who

is a highly imaginative person, have a sense of fair-play besides her other perceptive-ness? At ten years of age Emily, "Suddenly realised who she was" . . . and :

Once fully convinced of this astonishing fact, that she was now Emily Bas-Thornton (Why she inserted the "now" she did not know, for she certainly imagined no trans-migrational nonsense of having been anyone else before), she began seriously to reckon its implications. . . .

It implied a whole series of circumstances. In the first place there was her family, a number of brothers and sisters from whom, before, she had never entirely dissociated herself; but now she got such a feeling of being a discrete person that they seemed as separate from her as the ship itself. However, willy-nilly, she was almost as tied to them as she was to her body. . . .

A sudden terror struck her: did anyone know? (Know, I mean, that she was someone in particular, Emily—perhaps even God—not just any little girl.) She could not tell when, but the idea terrified her.

Yet with all her sensitive aptitude for individual thought and imagination, Emily, through utter cowardice and unimaginativeness, allows them to hang the captain, whom she adored, for a murder she herself was responsible for. Children may be far removed from the sophisticated creature that is a grown-up man or woman. But at least "the child is father of the man," and not a different species.

For the best thing in the book, the description of the earthquake, readers must be referred to the book itself. It is too long to lift bodily, and cannot be broken into. Indeed the whole of the first chapter is one to read, if there were nothing else in the book—which there is.

Hans Frost is a successful man of letters who attains his seventieth birthday on the day Mr. Walpole's book opens.

On that day he receives the congratulations of a large party of friends—a whole literary congerie well described and visualised—and a birthday presentation. And on that day Nathalie Swan, aged nineteen, arrives in the house. Going to bed that night Mr. Frost hears someone sobbing, he enters the room from which the sound emerges, discovers Nathalie (he has not met her yet), they look at each other and a sympathy like love is forged on the instant between them. The story then becomes one of Hans's rebellion against his wife's correcting rule of him; his rejuvenation through his feeling for Nathalie, and his final escape from a "living death." Mr. Walpole attempted a most difficult task when he set out to write of the sudden overwhelming love felt by a septuagenarian for his niece of nineteen. But he has pulled it off. As often as one troubles to read on one is saved from the sickening sensation that threatened. The niece, also, loves her uncle with complete frankness; but at the same time she meets a Russian of the new "emancipated" type—a handsome young man who has had love affairs from the age of fifteen—who arouses her physical nature. They fall in love as young people do, and to Uncle Hans falls the task of deciding whether his Nathalie should accept or reject this suitor. Finally Nathalie herself solves the problem by deciding to have an independent career; obtain work, be self-supporting, and only give herself to the man she desires when she has proved his devotion by his ability to wait for her. We are left hoping Nathalie will not be disappointed, but not at all certain on this point.

Of the other characters in the book, Ruth (Hans's wife) is well drawn and true to her type. But of the whole crowd who are severally introduced to us—literary, bohemian and Russian—no one matters at all. The Westcotts (whom Nathalie flies to when she is obliged to leave the jealous Ruth) are our old friends of *The Young Enchanted*, and other novels; we know them too well already to say that they ought to have been

more solidly painted in. But aren't these "thumb-nail sketches" of the various denizens of a London coterie rather a waste of time? Who cares whether,

stout and cynical Carl Reynolds, eager and active Mary Malpas, shining and polished Horace Clay and—Jane Rose,

were at a party or not. They have no other bearing upon the story at all, yet they are, after this, each one meticulously described and etched in to *look* as real as possible, while they remain inveterate cardboard dummies. And then the other lot, the "bohemians":

It seemed to him that he had met them all before, the pretty, slender gay one (Millie Westcott), and that rather stout motherly one (Katherine Mark) and the loose-limbed, excitable, untidy one (Henry Trenchard), and the sober, handsome, cocksure one (Philip Mark), and the large, fat one like an elephant (Becbath)—and then the Russians. . . .

No, let us skip the Russians. It seems to us, also, that we have met them all before. But Mr. Walpole should economise in his habit of breaking off into brackets. Every page is besprinkled with them. They may help his narrative style and his quick, intimate, manner of writing that gets us easily in touch with his creatures; but they are so extremely ugly that one would have thought it was worth taking a little trouble to avoid them.

In *Sacrifice* we are introduced to the American counterpart of the Parisian world written of by M. André Maurois, and reviewed in this place last month. M. Maurois' married couples change their allegiance as easily as do Mr. Owen Johnson's, but do not go to the trouble of going to law about it. In New York, with each change, the assistance of a divorce is involved. In Paris this is not considered obligatory. Otherwise the lives of either set of people are identical. They think of nothing from morning till night but who they are in love with, or going to be in love with next. When Sabina Baring's friend, Mimi Norton, bursts in on her friend to tell of her own love affairs—beginning, "My heart is breaking. . . . I don't want to see another man as long as I live. I tell you I shall die of misery. My dear, I've never, never really *loved before* in all my life!" she suddenly discovers something odd about her friend's affairs, "Sabina," she cries, "you are going to be divorced! Why, how *perfectly* divine!"

And so they continue to congratulate and condole with each other through three hundred and forty-one closely written pages. No one of them can control their hearts for more than a few fleeting moments: very well then, divorce. It's so simple. However, Sabina doesn't find it quite so simple because she loves her children. This impertinent fact breaks all her plans. In the end she remains, with heroic originality, with her husband.

Mr. Owen writes very sympathetically of Sabina. He sees into her heart and he gives her a full and loving nature—very womanly in its expression. He also keeps straight to the point, all through these loving and intricate affairs, and one has to read every sentence to keep up with the next. He knows just what he wants to say and says it. Just as his characters waste no time when they come to the conclusion that their emotions need a change (as one takes a change of air) so their author wastes no time in telling us of it. It is so, and he says it is.

J. E. S. ARROWSMITH.

FICTION—II

- MURDER AT THE KEYHOLE. By R. A. J. WALLING. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
 DEATH OF MY AUNT. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
 THE SEVEN STABS. By JOHN CAMERON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 THE EYE IN THE MUSEUM. By J. J. CONINGTON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 THE MYSTERY OF THE OPEN WINDOW. By ANTHONY GILBERT. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 THE BOX OFFICE MURDER. By FREEMAN WILL CROFTS. Collins. 7s. 6d.
 DEATH ON DELIVERY. By ROBERT GORE BROWN. Collins. 7s. 6d.
 THE SILENT PARTNER. By AUGUSTUS MUIR. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
 BARRON IXELL. By O. SCHISGALL. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THE greatest difficulty for the critic in reviewing detective stories is to suggest to the reader the nature of the story and its weaknesses without giving away the mystery on which the whole interest of the book hangs. I trust that the authors, if they glance at the brief reviews below, will acquit the reviewer of at least this dastardly crime. The novels noticed here are a selection that should provide entertainment for most tastes and are all, in spite of minor weaknesses, extremely difficult to lay aside until the last page is reached.

Murder at the Keyhole combines the good qualities of a thriller and a detective mystery ; the plot, if a little cumbersome, is well constructed, and does not involve too many coincidences, in fact the author need not have relied so much on the well-worn ruse of never allowing one character to tell the other why he is behaving in such a strange way. The ingredients of the story are excellent : an ancient abbey, a baffling murder, an escaped convict, a motor speed-boat, chases among the dunes, on the sea, in Belgium, and in France ; and finally a not over-stressed but pleasantly handled romance.

Our sympathies are enlisted on the right side from the beginning, while few can like the villains from the start. There are, perhaps, rather too many improbabilities even for a story of this kind. For instance, the murderer would surely have removed the weapon without allowing Laxton to find it some time later ; and would not Marling have succeeded in getting what he wanted during the years that had already elapsed since the Great Gamble ? And finally would a speed-boat capable of going 50 m.p.h. across open sea not use more than 30 gallons in 200 miles ? However, these are only minor criticisms of a book that can give so much pleasure, and we shall look forward to another thriller from the same source.

The Hogarth Press has launched Mr. C. H. B. Kitchen on his career of crime, with the *Death of My Aunt*, a really admirable book. The author of *Streamers Waving* and *Mr. Balcony* has adapted his style to the new subject most successfully and has produced quite an outstanding example of the art of detective fiction. He does not plunge us into a new, strange and hectic world, but leads us through the kind of world we are used to, from the Stock Exchange to the bedside of his aunt, regaling us with sidelights on the family as we go. When the murder takes place we feel it might have happened to anyone's aunt and instead of the Brilliant Detective we know almost too

well, a load of Real Policemen arrive in a shabby Daimler to interrogate young Warren. The dialogue between the Inspector and Warren deserves particular mention ; there are some really delicious touches of humour. The story moves forward in an apparently simple and artless manner to a most unexpected *dénouement* which has the flavour of real tragedy. The quick touches of description and the minute psychological "pointers" taken with the simplicity of the style, carry a suggestion of the technique of Stendhal. It is very sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Kitchin will not forsake the detective story until he has left us a few more examples of his not inconsiderable art in that line.

Mr. Gollancz seldom disappoints his followers, and at this season he has thoughtfully produced for us at least three very interesting stories, two of which are by authors from whom we already know what to expect, while the third appears to be a first novel, and a very good one at that. This is the *Seven Stabs*, by Mr. John Cameron. This author introduces us not only to an exceedingly baffling mystery, but to some very entertaining characters, whom it is really possible to believe capable of the strange roles assigned to them; a quality rare in detective fiction, where characters are generally represented as being compelled by outside forces and driven to wild actions, not as reacting to their problems each in a characteristic way. Particularly admirable are Miss Lavender Arlington and Herr von Hoffman, of whom we should like to hear again. The problem created by the murder of Harden is extraordinarily baffling and gives rise to an unusually fertile crop of ingenious false solutions, mostly suggested by the Gallo-Teutonic brain of the chief of the Berlin Police, Herr von Hoffman, who is naturally interested in the mysteries surrounding the murder of the Baltanian buccaneer and revolutionary, Harden, while a guest of the Chairman of the Anglo-Baltanian League at Pangbourne, in a house party whose other guests, besides the exquisitely lovely daughter of the host, are Miss Lavender Arlington, the reigning musical comedy favourite ; Marston, an International Financier ; Leslie Brookes, a young man of no particular occupation except loving the host's daughter ; and Ellenberg, secretary to Harden ; afterwards joined by that magnificent mischief-maker, Peter Petrovich St. John. The story is thoroughly well told and provides a great deal of entertainment. There are, we fear, some weak points. Surely, for instance, the first action of the police would be to examine the credentials of every member of the party ? And indeed Harden must have been of a singularly unsuspicious nature to allow himself to be entrapped in this way. But these points are very lightly and cleverly passed over and do not spoil the absorbing interest that must be generally felt in this excellent story.

From Mr. Conington we know what to expect. He has invented a minor art form of his own. His story is always well set out, but presented as very nearly a scholastic problem in logical deduction ; in which we have hardly, if at all, to take into account the psychological factors generally introduced by the characters—the opposite, in fact, of Mr. van Dine's method. The practical removal of the human interest is inclined to make his stories "dry," but when we can have as good a mystery as this put before us it is perhaps superfluous to complain, especially since, in this book, the final murderer is presented as a most interesting psychological study in himself. We know Mr. Conington will play fair with us and will give us all the evidence as it is discovered by the Investigator, but the astounding double *dénouement* of this particular story will burst unexpectedly on all but the most acute brains. The chance of Jim Buckland being at the *Eye of the Museum* is not perhaps too far-fetched a coincidence, but can stone-slinging be done accurately in such circumstances as are described at the end of the chase ? Such a technical criticism is put forward very

tentatively, for no doubt Mr. Conington, with his love of accuracy and completeness, if called to account, would have a detailed record of parallel cases. A most intriguing story.

If any objection may be made against the very ingenious conspiracy in the *Mystery of the Open Window*, it is that the plot is too complicated ever to have worked in real practice, and that the villain could *never* have got into those shoes at all. It does, however, provide a story of absorbing interest with a very surprising climax, which must find almost everyone unprepared. The method of presentation of the actual scene of the murder is extremely clever; but the brilliant Scott Egerton ruthlessly discovers the secret and lays bare the conspiracy. Additional interest is provided by a Continental detective working with his English colleague, and the two in this story provide an excellent contrast to Scott Egerton and his tireless Mr. Beaumont. If readers can follow the complications they will enjoy the mystery enormously. And besides, we are always ready to welcome Scott Egerton again.

Another old favourite, Detective-Inspector French, reappears in the *Box Office Murder*, where his painstaking methods and occasional brilliant flashes of intuition are seen to great advantage. The swindle which is brought to light by the brutal murder of Thurza Darke must be one of the most ingenious ideas in detective fiction, and, given the degree of technical skill which would be needed, and is perfectly accounted for in the course of the story, there seems no reason why it should not have been perpetrated in a modified form. The whole novel is extraordinarily ingenious and well thought out; the problem of why the sinister gang confines its attention only to girls in the box offices of cinemas baffles even Inspector French, especially when drug-running is ruled out as a solution. Finally he has recourse to the method so often employed by his distinguished colleague at Scotland Yard, Superintendent Wilson, and tells the history of the case to his wife, who in her own way shows him a new line on which to work, which eventually leads to the discovery of the gang's real *raison d'être*. At the end of the story we are provided with a splendid chase against time to save the life of Molly Moran who, by giving away the secrets of the gang, has put herself in their hands. Inspector French's sympathy and his gift of "brilliant common-sense" should win him an even wider circle of admirers than before.

In the class of simple thrillers or shockers, there are two excellent entries. *Death on Delivery*, by Mr. Robert Gore Brown, provides its full quota of horrors. In it are involved a beautiful young heiress, an assassin of rare genius, Lucien Clay the bohemian artist, and a strange new religion which finds its followers among the richest inhabitants of Mayfair. There are plenty of well-contrived excitements, told in a pleasant, easy style. In the course of the book Mr. Gore Brown makes a number of clever hits at absurdities of the present day. Once or twice he comes perilously near mere facetiousness, but he must be forgiven for the number of fair targets he hits.

For really bloodthirsty villains the gang in the *Silent Partner* would be hard to beat. The plot is full of the wildest improbabilities, but also as full of excitement as anyone could wish. There are some splendid motor chases up to the North and over the Scottish Border. It is the type of story that should make an excellent film, silent for preference.

Messrs. Longmans deserve a word of praise for the excellent type and production of *Barron Ixell*, stories of international crime. It is quite time that publishers of detective stories took greater care of their readers' eyes. It is to be hoped that other firms will follow Messrs. Longmans' lead in this respect.

FRANCIS LLOYD

BELLES-LETTRES

IN SEARCH OF SCOTLAND. By H. V. MORTON. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

A TOURIST'S GUIDE TO IRELAND. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d.

THE COUNTY ANTHOLOGIES : YORKSHIRE. By G. F. WILSON ; LANARKSHIRE. By H. QUIGLEY ; DERBYSHIRE. By THOMAS MOULT. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 3s. 6d. each.

THE word journalist is so often used by journalists about other journalists as an extravagant term of abuse that one hesitates to apply it to anyone whose work one does not wholly deprecate. Nevertheless it is occasionally so exactly descriptive that one cannot resist it. Mr. Morton's book is good journalism. It is written for the *day*, to last no longer than the *day*, it should please all reasonable men who live at this day ; and yet is so admirable a reflection of certain qualities of the day that it should (if some future historian stumbles upon it in his researches through the vast rubbish heap of early twentieth-century literature) provide an accurate picture of the day. It will then no longer please, no longer make the same appeal as it does to-day ; it will merely be good, direct, clear evidence about the day. Its artistic power—such as it is—will have died, its merely technical virtues of clarity and discrimination will remain. This sounds an impudent prophecy to make about any book. But all make it who label any literature as journalism ; for all that is contained in the word.

In Search of Scotland is the product of a journey made in search of copy at the request of *The Daily Express* last year. The articles originally written for that entertaining journal are here collected, improved and greatly added to. They are strung together so as to make the more or less consecutive narrative of a motor tour through the Highlands and Lowlands, Ayrshire and back into England again by Gretna Green. A chapter is allotted to each important stopping-place on the route and there is a certain amount of description of the travelling between each. A sprinkling of historical and general information is scattered throughout the book, but its main subject is how Scotland struck Mr. Morton when he approached her for the first time.

Scotland has had a tremendous amount of tedious nonsense written about her by Englishmen : and a good deal of it has been her own fault. In any book which mentions Scotland one's eye flits nervously over the pages dreading the fateful words " bonnie," " frae," " Charlie," " mist-clad," " Hielands," " touching loyalty." The Celt has suffered much at the hands of the Saxon ; and much, I repeat, is his own fault, but the cruellest infliction which he has to endure is the ponderous sentimentality of those who come to spy out his land. The Irish and the Scots have a real grievance here, but influenced by that odd paradox which lies at the basis of the Celtic nature they have complained of everything else save this.

It would be too much to say that Mr. Morton entirely avoids this fault in his book. His eye, I think, was a little too closely kept on his original readers—the *Daily Express* public—for him to resist an occasional gesture towards the " bonnie." There is, for instance, an unfortunate moment when somewhere near Fort Augustus he gets hold of Hogg's *Jacobite's Relics of Scotland* and persuades someone to play and sing to him the songs in it :

We were now wearing white cockades in our hearts. We mourned that we were born two centuries too late. What one of us would not have drawn a sword for Charles Edward ? What one of us would not gladly have expired on the bayonets at Culloden ?

But I confess that it is not quite fair to quote that. There is very little of that sort of thing in the book, still—that it should be there at all is, to my mind, so disgusting, that I cannot help mentioning it. The rest of the book is really intelligent and amusing. Mr. Morton met all the right people and did all the right things. His work therefore has that smack of the latest information about the Truth which is so stimulating a quality in the late editions of the evening papers. One gets the impression that he has found out a good deal about what is actually *happening* in Scotland just now, and it is this element in his book that is the most satisfactory. He is at his best when he is in Glasgow, where his keen journalistic sense for the movement of affairs enables him to feel the vitality all around him and to describe it. He is not so good in Edinburgh, a town in which subtlety is required to avoid the easy appreciation of superficial romanticism. And, as I have already implied, he can be dangerously near “slop” in the Highlands. But even there he redeems himself by his sharp eyes. He notices the amusingly cosmopolitan collection in the Skye hotel, and by this touch of realism makes more vivid (especially for those of us who have watched the gradual overcrowding of Skye) his account of his stay in what, I am thankful to say, he does not call the “Misty Isle.”

It would be difficult to find someone who could quite honestly tell you that he was bored by *In Search of Scotland*. It is so freshly, clearly and vivaciously written. At the same time it should interest those two classes into which the whole of mankind is divided—those who know Scotland and those who don't. Those who don't know will, I think, be interested by the very vivid description of a journey in a strange country, which may or may not be Scotland; while those who do know will (however much they may occasionally be irritated) be pleased and, I hope, grateful, for this expression of an all too rare attempt to understand their country.

A very different book is Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's *Tourist's Guide to Ireland*. Here is no pleasantly-mannered Englishman being polite about the “romance of Erin,” but a clever, irritated, malicious Irishman being witty at the expense of his country. Here is Celt eating Celt, and none can do it with such gusto. The little book (divided into five chapters, and about twenty thousand words long) begins by purporting, in a semi-satirical vein, to be a true exposition of the State of Ireland to the casual visitor, warning him what to avoid, what to do, to whom to toady and whom he may despise. It soon, however, leaves this excuse well behind and discovers itself to be a long essay upon the three elements of Irish life—the priests, the peasants and the politicians. All three are savagely and amusingly attacked, and are successfully made to appear ridiculous and despicable. Even the most pious of men, the most fervent supporter of Mr. Belloc's theories, the greatest admirer of politicians (if such a man exists) could hardly avoid laughing at the description of the bullying, loutish parish priest, the Yahoo-like peasant, and the idiotically knavish parliamentarians of Dublin. These fantastic products of Mr. O'Flaherty's imagination are, like the creatures whom Gulliver met on his travels, beyond the range of belief, and yet by all the arts of persuasion and description so very nearly within it. They are only just too bad to be true. Here is the beginning of a long and extremely cleverly presented description of that poor old arch-villain, the Irish parish priest:

From their [the peasants'] first yell at birth until the sod falls on them in their grave, their actions and thoughts are under his direction. He is almost invariably of peasant abstraction, and almost invariably he is just about as well informed as a well informed peasant. He is not burthened by a very refined religious conscience in the civilized sense of the word. Being mentally on a level with his peasant flock, he is up to all their tricks. He knows what is in their minds, of what they are afraid, how to tickle their greed, how

to overawe them with threats of Hell, or to enthuse them with promises of indulgencies and eternal happiness. So they are proud of him, as of something that has sprung from their loins, that satisfies their innate greed by giving a promise of Heaven, and that is just a little cleverer than themselves.

The politician is held up to much the same sort of treatment. He is pictured as a foolish, vain, greedy romanticist run to seed who, while he is in power, exploits the romantic notion of the lovely feminine Ireland (Caitlin Ni Houlihain), and whose method of making love to that lady is to seize possession of all her charms and valuables by force. Then, discovering that he is not the first who has enjoyed her, he "like a true libertine preaches sermons to his lady between his embraces." When he and his fellows have despoiled her, when they have reduced the woman to starvation :

they point with a proud finger at other wealthy countries, where politicians are not mystical and say that Holy Ireland is above such coarse ambitions as wealth, culture, bathrooms, tooth-brushes and machinery.

The poor old peasant just cuts a ridiculous and contemptible figure. He is the one who is the victim of these bullies and villains. There is something that is admitted to be lovable in him, but it is almost swallowed up in what is pitiable. His gullibility is greater than his charm, his squalor than his simplicity, his crudity than his amiable childishness. His pleasures, above all his drinking, are considered to be disgusting and futile ; they are contrasted with the warmer, more genial amusements of the Saxon and the Gaul. And the depressing picture of the Irish pot-house is compared unfavourably with a glowing and somewhat romantic view of the True Tavern, which, though it is not expressly said so, is probably supposed to exist in England.

Now even though one take Ireland dead seriously one ought to realize when reading this book that it is not so much Ireland but the Tourist or supposedly English reader that is really being made to look foolish. The English reader of books about Ireland has so long demanded and so long received his seasonal fodder of "romance," "Celtic mystery," "fairy lore," "Irish eyes," and all the rest of it, that this sort of book is really a blow at him rather than at Ireland. The Irish can afford to be amused and their impetuous egotism can allow them to neglect the book's occasionally shrewd hits. Not so the English tourist—he has a real grievance. This violently explosive pill so unfairly insinuated into his diet will probably upset his digestion for some time to come.

In these days when parochial loyalty is very much out of fashion, when we are being continually reminded that we ought to be more proud of being inhabitants of the world than of a particular country, county, or town, any book is welcome that kindles a man's delight in a small part of the earth's surface. The rather pleasant little series which is being published under the title of *County Anthologies* depends entirely upon the commendable virtue of parochial pride in its readers, for one must confess that if one does not come from Derbyshire, Lanarkshire, or Yorkshire there is not very much of interest in these little books. They consist of selections of verse and prose in which the counties are mentioned or in which the more famous towns, even, in the counties are described. This is all very well for people who live in Glasgow, York or Buxton, but for those who are less fortunate there is little to attract.

MORAY McLAREN

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE LETTERS OF DISRAELI TO LADY BRADFORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD. Edited by the MARQUESS OF ZETLAND. Benn. 2 volumes 42s.

THE JOURNAL OF A WEST INDIA PROPRIETOR. By M. G. LEWIS. Edited by MONA WILSON. Routledge. 15s.

THREE WOMEN : ST. TERESA, MME. DE CHOISEUL, MRS. EDDY. By H. E. WORTHAM. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

PETER THE GREAT. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Benn. 21s.

EVERY nation gets the Prime Ministers it deserves. That is the kind of statement that is nowadays accepted at once without qualification ; but I doubt if there is really much in it. It would be truer to say that every nation gets the *kind of* Prime Minister it has asked for, but that he is seldom up to specification. And they generally ask for the wrong kind. The result is that whereas the list of the kings and queens of England was formerly supposed to represent the limit of dullness, it is now generally agreed that the list of Prime Ministers, since the extension of the franchise in 1832, easily surpasses it in this respect. Two figures, and two only, stand out from the ruck—Gladstone and Disraeli—representing each a diametrically opposite point of view ; physically, no less than intellectually, at opposite poles ; dramatically different ; typifying an opposition not only of opinion but of temperament and method, which is eternal, and has coloured English politics even to the present day. It is one of the ironies of history that these two great men, these two masterful if slightly ridiculous personalities, should have dominated the foreign policy of the richest and most powerful nation in the world just at the moment when there was literally “ nothing doing ” in world affairs. There have been oppositions of this kind before—Caesar and Pompey, Danton and Robespierre, Napoleon and Wellington ; but all of them have been connected with great events. Hardly anything that Gladstone or Disraeli did has mattered tuppence to us to-day, or had any effect whatever upon the great crisis through which we have lately passed, except possibly the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. Disraeli dealt with that situation like a master. I wonder what he would have done in August, 1914 !

A strange character—strange because he was so essentially foreign, so emotional, so embarrassed and lonely among these stiff, be-whiskered Englishmen. It is possible that he would have been equally lonely in any country among those of his own sex. “ Male society is not much to my taste,” he wrote, and he confessed that he “ hated clubs.” On the other hand, “ I owe everything to woman ; and if in the sunset of life I have still a young heart it is due to that influence.” The letter in which this interesting confession occurs was written to a woman. It is one of sixteen hundred letters which Disraeli wrote during the last eight years of his life to the two sisters, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, the first of whom was somewhere near his own age and the other a good deal younger. Sixteen hundred letters survive, but there must have been many more, and it is not unfair to conclude that he wrote to one or other of these sisters on two days out of every three. And every one of these strange, vague outpourings—especially of those to Lady Bradford—was apparently intended as a love-letter ! To the elder sister he had actually proposed, and with the younger he continued to have lover-like tiffs and reconciliations almost up to the day of his

death, when she was close on sixty and he was seventy-four. He would tell her all sorts of secrets of State, just for the pleasure of feeling that only he could give her that ; and he would keep the Lord Chancellor himself waiting in the next room, while he scribbled sweet nothings to her. All this gave him exquisite pleasure ; and it was perfectly safe, for, as he once wrote to Lady Bradford, " Nobody is discreet except you." But was it perfectly sincere ? There is an air of artificiality in all his dealings with women ; his very compliments seem to have an ironic twist—as when he selects the name of " Faery " for Queen Victoria. And when he grovels before Lady Bradford, imploring her not to leave London (" it seems too cruel—these constant separations ! "), calling her the " most fascinating of women," and blaming himself for boring her when they meet, he seems to be deliberately caricaturing that reverence for women which is a Western ideal incomprehensible to the Oriental mind. There is a ridiculous letter in which he bemoans some injury to her " dear knee " (the result of a carriage accident) and another in which he reminds her, " I never asked anything from you but your society." It is true, he never did. Yet he could write to Lady Chesterfield about a French friend of his :

It is said that he is rarely alone and passes his time—his life—amid the *demi-monde* of Paris. People abuse him for this and say it is very wicked, but though I do not myself follow those courses, I can always sympathise with the lonely and can pardon every expedient by which a very clever man strives to escape from his solitary self.

There, undoubtedly, he speaks his real mind ; and he speaks on paper which—as in all these letters—bears a heavy black border in memory of his dead wife. No wonder that Lord Zetland, who has so ably edited this correspondence, found himself constantly wondering, as he turned the letters over, " Is this real or am I dreaming ? " Disraeli was a genius and must be allowed his eccentricities ; but his attitude towards the other sex as disclosed in these two volumes is certainly the very oddest feature in the whole of his fantastic make-up.

But there is more in the letters than this. There are some delightful, malicious little sketches of his political opponents—the easy-going " Harty-Tarty " (Lord Hartington) and the impossible Gladstone for whom he never has a good word. Gladstone's oratory is " stagey, overdone, and full of false feeling and false taste"—this from Dizzie ! He is " malignant " in his dislikes, a " Tartuffe," even a " fiend ; " a man " so wicked that he would not hesitate to plunge us into a great war to soothe and save his maniacal vanity." And there is an amusing attack upon Bournemouth and its hotels, and a grumble at having to go to dinner with " that infernal Lord Mayor." Altogether this is an amazingly interesting, puzzling, entertaining book. Some of the letters have appeared already in Mr. Buckle's *Life* ; but we never got the full force and shock of them till we met them here. And at the end of it all, we are left wondering with Lord Zetland what it means. Are these the genuine, pathetic appeals of a lonely old man with a boy's heart in his body ; or are they just the private amusements of an elderly statesman who was also a bit of a mountebank ? Both, I suppose.

Another book of unusual interest is this new and long overdue edition of the *Journal of a West India Proprietor*, written in 1815 and the two following years by the famous, or—as some of his more strait-laced contemporaries would have said—infamous Matthew (or " Monk ") Lewis. It was remarked of a very brilliant journalist and loveable man who died in London only the other day, that he never wrote a foolish thing and never said a wise one ; and it is indeed astonishing how few people have the gift of an agreeable fluency in equal degree in the written and the spoken word. As for poor " Monk " Lewis, he was a snob who ran after Dukes, and he wrote an improper novel—but that is by the way. What is more to the point is that he was a

bore. According to the great Lord Byron he was also "a damned bore." Yet it was Byron who wrote of him, after his death in the West Indies:

I would give many a sugar cane
Mat. Lewis were alive again.

For it is a point commonly forgotten that not all bores are unlikeable; some of them have a personal charm which survives even the ordeal of their small talk. And this little Mr. Lewis, with his "queerish eyes," as Scott described them, "like those of some insects," his innocent, ugly face, and his small active, boyish figure, was evidently one of these. Scott said of him that "he had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with—finer even than Byron's"; but he never wrote one memorable line of verse. His verse was less boring than his conversation, but equally ephemeral. His novel, *The Monk*, is a bad and boring novel, on any standard except the lowest standard of his own time. But his *Journal*, in which he gives a day-to-day account of his two voyages to Jamaica to look at his property there, ranks amongst the half-dozen best travel books of his generation. And hardly anyone but Coleridge seems to have appreciated it at its true value! If Lewis had attempted to describe these experiences of his to a group of friends at his club, he would inevitably have sent them to sleep; but not the most brilliant talker among them could have told it on paper as he did. His excitement at finding himself on board ship; his approach to this strange, distant island with its palm trees and sugar cane, and its swarming black population; his embarrassment when he encounters the first of his own slaves, a human being who is his property—a boy at the hotel, in point of fact—and when he reaches the first village on his own estate, and "a woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear: 'Look, Massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for Massa!'" —all this is admirably described. Lewis hated the whole idea of slavery, but he soon came to see the disadvantages of sudden abolition; and before he left Jamaica (to die of yellow fever on the voyage home) he had made his niggers probably the happiest in the whole island. He had also left behind him a first-class book.

The new modern method in biography has had few abler and wittier exponents than Mr. H. E. Wortham, the author of *Three Women*, and already known in this field for his "Life" of Oscar Browning. His air of half-amused, half-admiring detachment is, indeed, something quite his own—one suspects that he was never a very enthusiastic feminist—and his choice of subjects, no less than his somewhat exaggerated praise of Mrs. Eddy, suggests a freakish humour which finds at least as much enjoyment in the oddity of these women as in their saintliness. He writes as any cool, ironical man of the world might have written of any of the saints of his own time—he might have included the new saint of Lisieux, by the way, instead of Madame de Choiseul—yet he firmly insists upon their importance, and in spite of his apparent detachment he leaves us with a vivid and memorable picture of each one of them. This is a notable book.

Mr. Stephen Graham's study of Peter the Great is planned on simpler, more old-fashioned lines, but it is none the less a fine piece of work. His publishers can claim that "there is no biography of Peter the Great in any language which is as full or as clear." I believe this is true.

CLENNELL WILKINSON

COOKERY

- A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES. By P. MORTON SHAND. Knopf. 10s. 6d.
 A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH. By P. MORTON SHAND. Knopf. 10s. 6d.
 BACCHUS : WINE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By P. MORTON SHAND. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.
 A BOOK OF FOOD. By P. MORTON SHAND. Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.
 FEEDING THE FAMILY. By LEONORA EYLES. Cayme Press. 4s. 6d.
 THE ART OF DINING. By THOMAS WALKER. Cayme Press. 21s.
 THE ENGLISH TABLE IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE. By CHARLES COOPER. Sampson Low. 15s.
 THE SCOTS KITCHEN. By MARIAN McNEILL. Blackie. 7s. 6d.

A MORE divine and wholesome enthusiasm than a devotion to the theory and practice of food and drink does not exist. It tends to the happiness and health of the individual and of the race, fosters between men a friendship of noble frame and between spouses an affection which will outlast the temporary glory of passion, promotes the growth of international understanding and the study of geography, breaks through the bounds of class distinction and religion, smooths the asperities of daily care, ennobles the occasions of family and public rejoicing, and promotes at the same time love of history and tradition and search for novelty and progress, sane conservatism and sound innovation. Music and gastronomy are the two universal languages of cultivated humanity : the sudden glance of community between two men who cannot, perhaps, understand a word of each other's speech, aroused by a passage of Mozart, can be paralleled by the silent chord of praise sounded when the first sip is taken of, say, a perfect Piesporter at the right temperature, cold but not frozen to death. Just as the literature of music must comprise on the one hand textbooks which teach the rules of harmony and the canons of counterpoint, and on the other hand works of criticism and appreciation, warmer and wider judgments on matters of history, philosophy, and taste, so the literature of gastronomy contains besides its cookery-books, in the technical sense, its works on comparative degustation and on aesthetics, its critical essays and even its *jeux d'esprit*, such as Mrs. Leyel's and Miss Hartley's *Lucullus*. Among the most prolific and enlightened philosophers of gastronomy, worthy followers of the Master Brillat-Savarin, must be counted Mr. Shand.

Although Mr. Shand is best known as an authority on wine, not more than passing mention can be made of the two books which stand first at the head of this chronicle, for they are not, strictly speaking, new and original works, but between the two of them cover, in a more detailed way, the ground of his *Book of Wines*, praised in these columns a few years ago and now, I understand, out of print. Since, in fact, large parts of the earlier work reappear unchanged, it might have been well to insert a brief prefatory note about the origin of the new volumes. I would not have it understood, however, that for the possessor of the *Book of Wines* there is nothing new here : the fact that the wines of France, which there occupy one hundred and twenty pages, receive double the space in *A Book of French Wine* is evidence to the contrary. The new matter is rather in the nature of precise information, mostly very valuable information, than in the discourse, if I may so term Mr. Shand's wise and witty disquisition

on vinous matters in general. There is, for instance, added to the list of the *Cinq Crus Classés* a series of *Notes* which will be read with pleasure by claret drinkers, and a list of the *Crus Bourgeois Supérieurs* and *Crus Bourgeois* commonly met with. In addition, of course, the vintages are brought up to date. On the other hand, for some reason the excellent maps printed in the earlier work are now omitted, and there is no index, a very grave fault in what is bound to be a standard book of reference, and one less excusable in view of the excellent index provided in *A Book of Wine*. The *Book of Other Wines* contains the introduction to the care of wine from the out-of-print book, from which practically the whole of the matter is borrowed. It contains also a very valuable index, inserted, I suppose, as a result of reproaches, for the volume appeared later than its companion on the wines of France.

In *Bacchus*, a little volume of the familiar *To-day and To-morrow* series, Mr. Shand treats with mastery of the present situation of wine-production in France, which has called into existence the "Type-Wines" and mixtures known as *Monopoles*. Other topics are the future of Empire wines, and that amusing new creation of feminism, the lady who knows all about wines and likes them very dry, because, presumably, men of experience usually like dry wine, although an inclination for the sweet is general among younger males, and so is appropriate to the possessors of eternal youth. I regret that Mr. Shand allows himself to poke fun at the one lady who has written a book on wine: surely, with Dr. Johnson, we should rather say that it is not well done, but that it is a marvel that it should be done at all. *Bacchus* should be in the possession of every wine-lover, for, among other things, it will put him on his guard against what is going on in France—and it will amuse him.

Now, having had, as it were, our soup made of the bones of another book and our glass of sherry, we come to a more substantial dish—Mr. Shand's new book on food. This admirable work is a series of discourses on the general principles of gastronomy, and on the diverse dishes which compose the table of Europe, individual chapters being devoted to each of the usual menu headings of Soup, Entrees, and so on. It shows the general influence of Brillat-Savarin; something of the Master's philosophic zest, learning, grave and graceful phrase, well-chosen anecdote, and, when necessary, noble indignation, pervades the book. We have the authoritative and indisputable pronouncement, accorded a paragraph to itself for emphasis: "Sausage rolls are simply horrible." We even have Brillat's favourite but mystical *osmazome* (supposed, in the chemistry of a hundred years ago, to be the savoury principle of flesh), cited with all gravity as "the essential soluble goodness" of fish, and again as that which must not be allowed to escape in frying meat. So far can piety go. It must not, however, be imagined that Mr. Shand's book is, in any sense, an imitation: Brillat-Savarin's book is rather the clove of garlic with which his mutton has been stroked, providing a faint but essential flavour, but none of the nourishment. Mr. Shand's individuality stands out throughout the book. His experience is immense, comprising all civilised Europe and such special provinces as the Jewish kitchen, his reading is as wide as his palate is discriminating, and he gives forcible expression to his likes and dislikes, practically all of which I share, so that the book appeals not only to my reasoning self but also to my prejudices, which, in the matter of the table, I fancy to be those of most just men. Selecting a few random examples which stick in my head, Mr. Shand praises Aepfeltorte, apple pie, Bath buns, Bath Olivers, bread sauce, Danish butter (which is excellent and reliable; not as good as the very best English butter which can only be had now and then by fortunate chance, but a sure guarantee against the calamities to which the systematic use of shop English butter exposes one), gnocchi, and herrings—I do not cite his dithyrambic praise of such admittedly supreme foods as sole,

asparagus, Wensleydale cheese, and boiled suet pudding (filled, I pray, with currants and sultanas, and served *without* sauce, but with brown sugar). He discommends bread-and-butter pudding, crustless cheese in tinfoil (a new abomination willed into being by lazy housewives), cigarette smoking at meals, "those tortured polychrome shapes of nut-dusted atrocities, exuding a sinister yellowish-green margarine cream, called at discretion 'Russian,' 'French,' 'Viennese,' 'Swiss,' or 'Continental' pastries," rhubarb, snails (I can never understand why the French, of all people, consume them), vegetable marrow and that English sauce which I call bill-sticker's paste, a name which will suffice to recall it to countless brave hearts. He bewails, as I have bewailed, thinking myself alone, the falling off in Cadbury's Mexican Chocolate, which was so good in olden days, now, alas, sweetened and sicklied into line with most other English eating chocolate. I cannot, however, join with him in his condemnation of Menier: good old gritty Menier has always been a weakness of mine, since the nursery days when we used to have it in little bundles of five slabs, tied up with ribbon. Points on which I join definite issue with our author are his dispraise of broad beans and kidneys. The kidneys he has eaten cannot, from his description of the taste, have been properly cleaned: I guarantee that if he had eaten saddle of lamb, done to a turn, at the table of a late aunt of mine, accompanied by a kidney cut from the fat, he would have abased himself to get the other one. Broad beans, when young, and served with parsley sauce, are delicious.

With Mr. Shand's dolorous description of English vegetable cooking I cannot but agree. Hear now a wonder in illustration of the depths of our national depravity in this respect, and the cynical indifference of big London restaurants. I was recently lunching with a lady at a famous fish restaurant not, as is the witty saying, a hundred miles from Piccadilly Circus, and, sharing a weakness of Mr. Shand's, ordered for myself an artichoke which figured on the bill of fare. After some time the waiter told me, *more Anglico*, that there was not such a thing in the house, but enquired whether I would like a dish of vegetables. Imagining some *specialité de la maison*, I consented. In ten minutes what appeared? A plate containing ten tough broad-beans, in brown leather jackets, a piece of scrawny cauliflower, and some stringy French beans, all discoloured, running with water, and apparently cooked without salt. Out of consideration for my companion, I attempted an assault (the refectory at which I am frequently obliged to lunch has hardened me to eat almost anything), but was forced to put the plate of loathsomeness aside, and in due course it was removed. When the bill came I found that it was charged to me at three shillings and sixpence! At this, indeed, I did gently ask the waiter whether it was his intention that I should pay this price for the small dish of ignoble garbage which I had not eaten, and he retired, to return with the bill on which the price was modified to half a crown!! I have seldom more regretted the restraining influence of a lady's presence. There is no city but London in which this dish could have been served in a first-class restaurant, and, I trust, no restaurant but this one in which it would have been charged for. Would that I had been alone!

Mr. Shand is a selfish man who frankly says that he has a French wife who can cook like an angel and a mother-in-law who specialises on all the various types of mushroom: that he does not live in England or ever feed in restaurants if he does come here, so, safe from care, he writes in no reforming spirit, but, I suspect, to ease his soul by a discourse on the Beautiful in Food. We live, however, in a practical world, and all praise is due to her who has gone into the market place and actually done something definite to improve British cookery, who has not fled the field but stirred up the people, for reformation shall come not from restaurants but from

the home. Such a reformer is Mrs. Leonora Eyles, who dedicates her excellent booklet to the Woman in the Little Home. I looked on it before starting with some misgivings, for there seemed to hang about it a faint indefinable atmosphere of welfare work, but, having read it, I freely admit that it is full of excellent common sense : it shall represent the plain roast, cooked to a turn and served with perfectly boiled potatoes, at our literary table. A woman, and a woman writer too, who in her introduction can say :

I know of no art which offers such scope for individuality as the art of the cook, and I am being entirely honest when I say that the feeling one experiences when one sees a book at last in print is exactly the same emotion with which one surveys a table full of "scrumptious" cakes and pies that one has cooked,

by the mere recording of these words is helping to establish a right scale of values, and to lead to a time when women will realise that a good souapist is, from every point of view, something immeasurably above a bad organic chemist. The book is addressed mainly to working women, and I believe that they will read it, if they get the chance, for it is clear that the writer knows what she is writing about, and a pleasant personality pervades the pages. The horrors of cheap restaurants are feelingly described : the average English stew depicted with a sure hand. Mrs. Eyles does not suggest that everything can be put right without trouble, but shows how to plan so that a little trouble—and very little money—goes a long way. Nobody can read the book without profit : if it reaches the circle for which it was primarily intended the authoress will have done a great work.

The Cayme Press, which publishes this little book, has issued in contrast a reprint of Thomas Walker's *Art of Dining*, the production of a wealthy man of leisure who dined at the beginning of the last century. He is, I am afraid, of no great gastronomic significance : he gossips pleasantly about several excellent dinners which he gave, and tells us what was eaten, but really says little more than that everything was a success. A pleasant old gentleman, who had a gentlemanly appreciation of good plain food and saw that he got it, but neither a great gastronome nor a great writer. Still, I would like to have dined with him.

Walker, however, has made something of a name : at any rate he has a chapter to himself in Mr. Cooper's entertaining book on *The English Table*, which gives a discursive account of some of the vicissitudes of dining and cooking from the time of the Plantagenets to the present day. Many receipts are quoted, and the chief cookery books of the lengthy period come under notice. The author is widely read and makes good use of his reading, especially in a chapter on dinners of the past century, the material for which is drawn from diaries and novels of the period. A chapter on "Meg Dods' Cookery Book" leads us to our last volume, *The Scots Kitchen*, which is an excellent and moderately priced collection of Scots receipts. Many of them are drawn from the famous *Cook and Housewife's Manual* by Mistress Margaret Dods, published, with an introduction by Sir Walter Scott, in 1826. The manual was, as Mr. Cooper relates, actually written by a Mrs. Johnstone. The *Kitchen* is something more than a cookery book, for the first eighty pages or so are devoted to a sketch of the history of cookery and hospitality in Scotland. I was recently asked where a good recipe for haggis could be found. This book has three, but I do not claim sufficient expertise to say which may be the best. The preparation of many dishes which I should like to taste is described, including the way to prepare a Mutton-Ham, a delicacy which used to be procurable in Gloucestershire. Distinctly a work to have on our shelves.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

MY SEVENTY-FIVE. By PAUL LINTIER. With a Foreword by MARSHAL JOFFRE. "Soldiers' Tales." Davies. 7s. 6d.

COMMANDO : A BOER JOURNAL OF THE BOER WAR. By DENEYS REITZ. With a Preface by GENERAL J. G. SMUTS. Faber and Faber. 15s.

THE MOST NOBLE AND FAMOUS TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. Translated by JOHN FRAMPTON. Edited with an Introduction by N. M. PENZER. The Argonaut Press. 42s.

THE BROADWAY TRAVELLERS : RUY FREYRE DE ANDRADA, 15s. ; WILLIAM BONTEKOE. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

VOYAGES TO THE EAST INDIES. By CHRISTOPHER FRYKE and CHRISTOPHER SCHWEITZER. Edited by C. ERNEST FAYLE. "The Seafarers' Library." Cassell. 10s. 6d.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN. By E. F. BENSON. "The Golden Hind Series." Lane. 12s. 6d.

AUSTRALIAN DISCOVERY. Vol. 1—By Sea. Vol. 2—By Land. Dent. 10s. 6d. each.

THOUGH it is several months since this chronicle last appeared, it has once again to be recorded that the most interesting books of travel and adventure which have appeared in the interval are those which record the doings of our ancestors, usually in their own words. Reprints of old travel books have been more numerous than ever—admirably selected, carefully and discreetly edited, and produced in a manner which does credit to the various publishing houses interested in this kind of work. There has certainly been no period in the whole history of literature when this particular branch of the art—I mean the reproduction of the old narratives, with intelligent modern editing—has been better done. It has never before been done in such quantity, nor in such quality. It will be one of the extenuating points in our favour when this generation comes up for judgment, and all of us who have any connection with it—printers, publishers, editors, and even, perhaps, the humble reviewer—may congratulate ourselves upon that. The case for the defence will need all the help it can get.

I have tried to make my list as representative as possible. Here are two of the latest additions to the excellent "Broadway Travellers" series, without which the reviewer's life would be hardly worth living. They are as good as any of their predecessors ; we smack our lips and wait for more. But there is always that haunting, nightmare terror, growing stronger with each new publication, that the supply is not, after all, inexhaustible, and that eventually the general editors, Sir E. Denison Ross and Miss Eileen Power, must come to the end of their list. However, "let us eat and drink. . . ." The "Seafarers' Library," a more recent but equally gallant and commendable enterprise—has it not introduced many of us for the first time to those great eighteenth-century sailormen, Commodore Walker, the privateer, and Capt. Nathaniel Uring ?—contributes two curious records of service with the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. Professor Ernest Scott, of Melbourne, has collected a number of extracts from the diaries of the early discoverers of Australia, both by land and sea.

And Mr. E. F. Benson contributes a brilliant biography of Magellan to the "Golden Hind" series, published by Messrs. John Lane, which is interesting—apart from its own merits—as an indication that this series is no longer to be confined to English explorers: presumably we may now expect new biographies of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Tasman, Torres and the rest. Finally there is a new Argonaut Press edition of Marco Polo's *Travels*, turned out as only the Argonaut Press know how.

This is a powerful list (I shall return to it again later on) and there is really nothing in modern travel and adventure to set against it. The two most hopeful cases, as it seems to me, are both of them war diaries—one of this last "Great War," and one of the Boer War. Paul Lintier's journal is of special interest, because it gives us the French soldier's point of view towards the war, a point of view essentially different from that of the British and Germans, if only because he was fighting in his own country and witnessing every day the havoc made among his own towns and villages by an invader who was also an hereditary foe. The bitterness of each retreat in such circumstances was an ordeal which no English soldier was asked to face in this war, nor has been asked to face for centuries past. It provoked a fierce indignant patriotism, which left little room for our more detached and "sporting" view of the war, and contrasts even more strikingly with the mood of gloomy, disillusioned resignation in which the Germans fought—if we may judge by their diaries. Lintier writes (during the retreat to the Marne in 1914):

Bitter indeed is the shame in our hearts as we go through these villages we cannot save, leaving them a prey to the relentless enemy. Inanimate things take to themselves the face of human anguish. Abandoned houses confront us with the very lineaments of despair. Mere fancy, no doubt—imagination. But even as such, most poignant, for to-morrow those houses will be burning, and we, from the hill where we bivouac at night, shall watch the leaping flames.

Yet there is no whining here, and singularly little bitterness. This sergeant of artillery was too much of a gentleman for that. The innumerable stories then current of "German atrocities" are scarcely mentioned. There is much more love than hate in the book. "It is only in the days of defeat which we have lived through," says Lintier, "that we have learnt how deeply a man can love his country." The actual writing of the hurried notes which make up this moving little book was in itself an achievement—for Lintier did it day by day, in spite of every difficulty. He says he found it a useful discipline; and when he was killed his diary was found in his pocket, carefully completed up to that day.

My other modern adventure book is *Commando*, a journal of the Boer War, written by a Boer who fought against us to the end, emigrated to Madagascar rather than accept British rule, was persuaded to return to South Africa by his former commander, General Smuts, took our side in the German War, and ended in command of a battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. His father was one of the two members of the Transvaal Government left in the field after the fall of Pretoria. His brothers were all engaged in the war. He himself, after being present at the siege of Ladysmith and the battle of Colenso (of which he gives an absorbingly interesting account, as seen from "the other side of the hill"), took part in Smuts's great raid into Cape Colony and was one of the few young Boers from his own commando who survived that gallant exploit. He tells a story of hardship and heroism which it is not easy to equal. From the point of view of psychological interest and literary possibilities, the Boer side of this war was obviously more valuable than our own. Yet I know of no good personal day to day narrative by a Boer except this. It is hard to understand how it has escaped publication for so long. We are introduced to an extraordinary atmosphere of

half-starved, ragged patriots, depending upon their rifles for something to eat at each evening meal, stealing clothes from dead enemies—until they heard that the British were shooting every Boer prisoner found in khaki—driven from pillar to post but never losing their courage or their resource, singing “hymns of praise” round their bivouac fires after each little success, fighting rearguard actions almost every day, then jumping on their shaggy little ponies—Colonel Reitz rode a Shetland—and making off: such were the men who defied the whole strength of England and the Empire thirty years ago. There were some odd types among them, who amused a cultured man like Reitz as much as they amuse us. There was the Puritan General, Beyers, who forced the younger soldiers to attend Bible Classes; and that strange, fanatical “prophet” in de la Rey’s camp, who would forecast the result of each engagement—with indifferent success. But the main impression we get, surmounting all others, is of the extraordinary skill and endurance of these gallant enemies; and the English reader of to-day is left with only one regret—that the odds were not more equal. This is a fine, inspiring story.

I return to the reprints. And first I must warn everyone interested in travel literature not to miss this wonderful new Marco Polo, beautifully bound (in bright canary yellow!), a gay, delightful book, a pure pleasure to handle, printed in clear, comely type upon good stout paper—a book that would be well worth its very moderate price even if it were no more than a bare reprint of the most famous of all travel books. It is much more than that, of course. It is a reprint of an Elizabethan translation of Marco Polo, of the very existence of which most people were unaware. The original head- and tail-pieces have been preserved, together with the sixteenth-century capitals. Then there is a learned introduction by Mr. N. M. Penzer, the editor; with notes and appendices which—based upon the latest surveys in Central Asia and Mongolia—enable us to follow the itineraries more closely and accurately than has ever been possible before. To me this is the most delightful of all the Argonaut Press publications—and I cannot say more than that.

Ruy Freyre de Andrada, the Portuguese, and Willem Ysbrantsz Bontekoe, the Dutchman, whom I have selected as representative Broadway Travellers, were neither of them notably efficient or successful men. But Ruy Freyre led a Spanish fleet to evict the English from the Persian Gulf in 1619 (he was evicted himself instead) and gives us a Portuguese version of that vigorous little side-show which, like Colonel Reitz’s Boer War diary, is vastly interesting, as coming from “the other side of the hill.” Andrada was a brave soldier, but a fierce liar: the interest of his story lies in the detail and the “atmosphere,” not in his statements of “fact.” Bontekoe has a quaint charm of his own. He was continually getting shipwrecked and captured by black men and mutinied against by whites; but he kept up his courage in a manner which we of a softer age can only humbly admire. An obstinate, angular, pious, little man, he manages to tell us a good deal about the East Indies in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. That also is the subject of Messrs. Christopher Fryke and Christopher Schweitzer. They give us an unattractive picture of the Dutch East India Company and its brutal methods, both against the natives and against European trade rivals. The book is full of incident.

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